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SIXPENCE.
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MISS ELLEN TERRY AS MARGUERITE IN "FAUST."
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WINDOW AND GROVE, BAKER STREET, W.

"A SOCIETY BUTTERFLY."

A CHAT WITH MRS. LANGTRY.

Down a dark and gruesome passage, nearly coming to grief over an unexpected and treacherous staircase, on through a species of tunnel, one gropes until one finds the light. It comes suddenly at last, with voices and moving forms grouping about a central figure as earth and moon and stars circle round the sun.

Close to the dominating orb lies a small, dark, moving spot, which, yet, is not a part of the sun itself, and if I were Mr. Calverley I might continue the metaphor indefinitely; but as, on the contrary, I am merely trying humbly to tell the "tale of an interview," I may add at once that, after the aforesaid labyrinthine experience, I arrived upon the brilliantly-lighted stage of the Opéra Comique, where, in the midst of the company rehearsing "A Society Butterfly," stood Mrs. Langtry, radiant in beauty and the latest Parisian creation by way of a gown, her privileged Russian poodle nestling blackly against her light draperies. He, in the dignified consciousness of being the "champion of the world," rests upon his—medals, if not laurels, feeling no scruples about getting in people's way. Even when the call has sounded, "Gods and goddesses for the third act; all others will please leave the stage!" the poodle still holds his own, quite ready to understudy Paris, especially if eating the celebrated apple, as well as bestowing it, could fall to his portion.

"Now," exclaims Mrs. Langtry, strolling towards the wings at the end of the scene, "what questions are you going to ask me?"

"I have been lying in wait for you these many days with dozens of them to put."

"Dozens of questions? Oh, have mercy! I have six or seven new gowns to think of, I am learning a 'butterfly dance,' I am rehearsing twice a day, and I am trying to put my whole soul into each duty as it comes. Not the dresses—my body will do for them, luckily; but if one is to play a new part, specially written for one, one is naturally rather absorbed, and would like to be left quite alone, to think it all out, between rehearsals, for a week at least. But Fate is too strong for one. Everything comes at once, and such crises are a little trying. It would be very convenient having an astral body, but, as I have not been able to develop one as yet, perhaps you will have pity, and cut out a few among those 'dozens' of questions."

I became evasive. "There must be a distinct pleasure for an actress, is there not, in creating a new part for which she feels herself especially fitted?"

"To say that I feel myself especially fitted to play the beautiful and fascinating Mrs. Dudley would be to call myself a vain woman, and I never have been vain. I scarcely think my worst enemies have accused me of that, though they have accused me of a good deal of nonsense. But the part is a sympathetic one, and yes, I like what is popularly called 'creating' a new rôle. It seems to nerve one to a certain pitch, which, perhaps, is seldom reached in another way, except in undertaking Shakspeare, when one competes with hundreds of women who have triumphed before one was born."

"Have you a favourite among all the parts you have at one time or another appeared in?"

"If you asked me what I should like best to play, it would, perhaps, be easier to answer. I have liked so many. I liked Cleopatra; I liked Lena Despard, and, do you know, 'She Stoops to Conquer' was always a favourite piece with me. It was among the first I played in professionally, and I have not forgotten my feelings on my first night as Miss Harcastle. People used to say that I did not appear nervous on the stage even in those days; but I assure you I was obliged to make the strongest effort to control myself. Now, after eleven years' hard work, I still experience a wretched sinking of the heart on a first night in a new part. It is extremely unpleasant, and yet I would not be without it, for if I did not feel it I should be sure I had not an atom of the 'artistic temperament.'"

"And yet, even before you went on the stage, you must have had numberless lessons in self-control," I said. "Fancy knowing yourself to be the 'observed of all observers,' whatever you did, wherever you might be!"

"If I was, I may honestly say that, fortunately, I never realised it. I pity self-conscious people; they must suffer endless torment. Perhaps, however, as a very young girl, I may have felt a little of the discomfort. I used to fancy myself quite ugly, and be very much depressed because I did not look like other girls, with pretty round cheeks and dimples and a tiny rosebud mouth. Afterwards, I used to wonder what people saw in me. I suppose one never thoroughly admires one's own type of woman."

"And what is this dance which you are to do as 'A Society Butterfly'?"

"It is to be literally a butterfly, developing, with the dance, all the way from the chrysalis stage. It sounds odd, doesn't it? But it ought to be pretty, though I was averse to undertaking it, as I have never attempted any of the fashionable 'fancy dancing,' and though I have not even seen my butterfly dress as yet. I really don't believe there is another woman in London as fond of pretty things of every kind as I am who pays as small attention to her gowns. I have so little time, and it is rather wearing to do twenty things at once; therefore, I am obliged to trust largely to luck and to my dressmaker. Usually, however, I have my reward, for even when my things come in at the very last moment I seldom need to have them changed."

"Designing gowns, then, is not one of your pet amusements, as I have heard? But one hears so much nonsense of people who are talked about. Will you tell me what you really like best to do?"

"I am fond of yachting, as, perhaps, you know. I shall go off for a long trip as soon as I am free to do so. I like the sea, and am never ill, and I find it far pleasanter going about at my own will in my own yacht than following prescribed routes in the old cut-and-dried way. I like to say, 'We will stay here so many days,' or 'We will go at once. We will do something quite different from what we originally planned to do.' It is very agreeable, I think, to be free to indulge one's moods."

"You must have had all sorts of exciting experiences during your travels."

"I have had a good many, and amusing ones, too—perhaps more of the latter in America than anywhere else. I often laugh when I remember playing, with Mr. Coghlan as my leading man, on the borders of the Indian Territory. Cowboys and Indians largely predominated in the audience, and opinions about 'As in a Looking-Glass' were divided. Some thought Lena too wicked a woman for any sympathy, and others could not bear to have her wretched story come to her husband's ears in the end. Some of the chivalrous cowboys were so angry at seeing the villain scorn all her pleadings and laugh at her anguish that they very nearly fired their revolvers at poor Mr. Coghlan on the stage. But if I tried to tell you half the laughable things that happened during that tour I should be neglecting the charge that Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Murray have put into my hands."

"You are fond of racing, as well as of yachting, are you not?" I asked.

"Yes, for I love horses. That is the secret of my pleasure in racing, and I believe a fine thoroughbred horse takes a positive joy in success. I love dogs, too, and I think I have not a friend in the world who loves me as devotedly or as unselfishly as this poor fellow."

And she affectionately patted the smart cerise bow which hung over the black poodle's adoring eyes.

"Everybody for the fourth act!" cried the tiny call-boy. And then, though the poodle stayed, I was compelled to go. A. L.

THE JUBILEE OF "GO-BANG."

If I were a "Johnny," I should haunt the stage-door of the Trafalgar Theatre in order to pay court to Miss Letty Lind, who, to me, is the embodiment of all that is brightest and best in musical farce. One could not have anyone brighter, more energetic, more daringly irrelevant, and delightfully impudent, more dainty in dancing, more artful in singing, and more fascinating in person than the representative of "Di, Di, Di" in "Go-Bang." All this came into my head while looking at the second edition, the other night. Primarily, I went to see the new curtain-raiser, "A Silver Honeymoon," by Mr. "Richard-Henry," a domestic comedy that might disappoint those who have "got culture" in matters dramatic and claim exclusive possession, but charms the people who trust to fate and early arrival to get good seats. The play was written for them and they like it, and as I am a prejudiced person, accused of Ibsenism, realism, and other crimes, I will not express my opinion of it as an artistic work. Besides, I lost my coffee by having to rush off early to see it, and then found it might have begun twenty minutes later.

The revised and corrected "Go-Bang" is greatly changed, so far as the second volume is concerned, and improved, too. What was good remains, what was doubtful has gone, and some capital new things have come. Among the novelties is a comic ball-punching scene, in which Mr. J. L. Shine imitates the famous Corbett in "Gentleman Jack," while Miss Letty gives her version of the affair. By-the-bye, in the utterly delightful "Chinee Dolly," could she not manage to do her hair *à la Chinoise or Japonaise*? There is a burlesque, capitally played by Messrs. Shine and Grattan, on the great card-playing scene in "The Masqueraders." Moreover, Miss Letty gave a new imitation—Miss Yohé, in the plantation song from "Little Christopher Columbus." It was very cleverly done, and Mr. Cecil Raleigh—one of the parents of "L. C. Columbus"—who was in the house with his handsome wife and pretty Miss Rose Nesbitt, nearly fell out of his box through excessive laughter. Mr. Fred Storey, the new Guardian of the Golden Canopy, made a hit by his marvellous dancing; Mr. George Grossmith, jun., has new comic business that is successful. However, I cannot keep my pen off Miss Letty Lind, whose singing and dancing are so fascinating that they might make the fortune of even a dull play, and, if I had not a respect for space, should become dithyrambic concerning her. I may add that a third sister of Miss Lind now appears in the piece. This is Miss Lydia Flopp. In another part of the present issue of *The Sketch* mention is made of this young lady, who at the time the article was written still retained her real name, Miss Lydia Rudge. The writer stated that she was likely to be seen in London at no distant date, but she has quite anticipated even his hopefulness for her future. MONOCLE.

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MRS. LANGTRY REHEARSING IN "A SOCIETY BUTTERFLY."

PHOTOGRAPHED ON THE STAGE OF THE OPÉRA COMIQUE BY MESSRS. RUSSELL, BAKER STREET, W.

HOW TO BE A FALSTAFF.

The mysteries of "make up" are many, but few are so elaborate as those which M. Maurel recently adopted in his impersonation of Falstaff in Verdi's great opera at Paris the other day. In order to get something like the corporation of the jolly Sir John, he had to encase himself in a leather cuirass, supported on his chest by two whalebone props. On the top of that was a sort of cotton coat, four inches thick, which increases at the waist to ten inches. The entire weight of this capacious



M. MAUREL.



"corset lyrique" is 14 lb. It will also be seen from the accompanying illustrations that M. Maurel had to encase his head in an enormous mask. In fact, when he is fully equipped in his Falstaffian gear he must almost feel that "he dunno where 'e are."





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SIGNORA DUSE IN "LA DAME AUX CAMÉLIAS."

It is not easy to know what to say about the performance of the great Italian actress as Marguerite Gautier. If one does not keep well in hand, a curious collection of incongruous adjectives and epithets would soon darken the paper—incongruous, for some would touch the top of praise, and others be of a decidedly different character. Perhaps this comes from the fact that it is possible in speaking of her to confuse two points of view. For, judging her performance as a piece of technical work, one must admit that it is of the highest order; on the other hand, looking at it as the presentation of a particular character, praise must be given charily.

I am disposed to use the Scotchman's phrase concerning the dish of sheep's-head given to him by an ambitious Englishman, "It's verra guid eating, but it's nae haggis;" it certainly is a magnificent piece of acting, but it is not "La Dame aux Camélias." There is no doubt about the character of the poor woman who affected the ugly flowers that have gone out of fashion, to the utter ruin of many florists who invested large capital in order to produce them. She was simply a Paula Wray deeply, sincerely, and passionately in love with a man who treated her as the others had done. It is suggested by some that Marguerite had strong instincts for purity, but the fact that she went back to her old career, instead of ending a life that she knew would not last long, when for his sake she abandoned Armand, is strongly against this view. Consequently, it is vital that the actress should suggest the peculiar taint that clings to the *hetaira* of even the highest class, the something that makes an honest woman instinctively know that another has been in the gutter.

It was in the wonderful way that this taint was always suggested by Mrs. Patrick Campbell that her performance was so great, and were she to play Marguerite, though for the part she would tone it down a little, it would still be a vital element in the performance. Now, there is no trace of it in Duse, none at all. Neither by gesture, tone of speech, mode of dressing, manner of make-up—for she was made up, clumsily—nor, indeed, by anything at all did she suggest that she represented the character of a fallen woman. Dressed all in white save in the fourth act, when a little black appeared in her dress, she presented an image of perfect purity. It would be difficult for an actress to give a stronger idea of respectability.

Of course, saying this seems like severe criticism, and, indeed, I think no criticism of a wilfully false presentation could easily be too severe. Yet I am not sure that she is wilfully false. After seeing her work last year, it seems to me that she simply plays Marguerite in the only way she can. I doubt whether she could give the true character to the part; her failure to give any idea of Cleopatra goes to confirm this view. She appears to adapt the persons she represents to her own personality, and only has variety because of her extraordinary gift for representing moods and emotions. In simply showing states of

mind and feeling she is marvellous; but, of course, that by no means shows she can individualise character.

There can be no dispute about the beauty of her work in some parts. No doubt, she made little of the great scene when her lover's father succeeds in persuading her to give up the man she loves, and even put a barrier between him and her by becoming another man's mistress. By an eccentricity of genius, she seemed rather to play with than play the scene, and, instead of gripping the audience, she left rather a feeling of stupefaction that such a tremendous episode should appear so tame. The famous letter-writing, that has wrung so many tears, was deliberately scamped—in fact, she did it farcically, occupying

a ludicrously insufficient time for the task. Yet there was a startlingly true and painful outburst of tears before she left. The Armand of Signor Carlo Rosaspina, though curious when he was reading the letter, was finely emotional just at the fall of the curtain.

It was the death scene, however, that fascinated the house. Till it came, many of the audience seemed disappointed by what appeared to most a cold, tame performance, only interesting for its marvellous technical skill. When the curtain rose on the woman almost hidden in bed, the curious picturesqueness of the *mise en scène* told, and the first words of the actress made one shudder. The suggestion of coming death was painful, yet it is hard to say whence it came. We have had Marguerites with irritating coughs, with tedious groans, but she chose another method. Save in appearance of weakness and the something indescribable, there was little to show her malady till Armand arrived. Then one felt that the joy at seeing him again was perilously great. As she poured out her eager words she gave great gasps for breath, and the noise was horribly suggestive of a death-rattle. The reaction after her excitement was infinitely touching, and so, too, the actual manner of her death. Despite her agonised cries for life, of bitterness at thought of death and departure from her lover, when the moment came, and she quietly sighed in her lover's arms till the breath ceased, there seemed a strange happiness in her to die then and in such a manner.

I do not like to write in any disparagement of a woman indisputably of genius, of one of the same rank as Ada Rehan and Sarah Bernhardt, but little good can come of indiscriminating praise. It ill becomes small folk to complain that the great will not manifest their greatness according to the formulas that please the small. Yet, in the hope that truth may come out of the clash of opinions, I feel bound to say what I think—to say that, though I desire no piece of acting more perfect than that of Duse in the last act, and though I think that throughout there is clear evidence of genius, I consider that, as a whole, her Marguerite is a failure, because it does not carry out the author's ideas, or even present a possible woman. The Duval of Signor Rossi was a clever piece of acting, a little marred by a curiously comic exit. His hat caused the trouble—he clung to it throughout the scene, and as he went out holding it behind his back it wobbled in his hand as if in sympathy. The rest of the company played very well.

MONOCLE.



A DREAM OF DUSE.

MISS LILIAN ALEXANDER.

Miss Lilian Alexander has made certain ballads her own in the halls, where, however, she does not always face an orchestra which possesses the appreciation of light and shade which is an essential concomitant in the proper rendering of a ballad. Ballads must not be accompanied in the same routine way as horses are played round a circus. It may be asked why this point is referred to. Well, just for the reason that indifferent accompaniment works the death of ballad-singing and gradually destroys the training and even the actual musical nature of the singer. Too often the orchestra requires to be rehearsed by the singer instead of *vice versa*. I use the opportunity of writing about Miss Alexander (writes a representative) as a peg whereon to hang a few remarks in advocacy of



Photo by The Willtons, Ltd., Islington.

MISS LILIAN ALEXANDER.

the revival of ballad-singing—in my opinion, highly to be desired, and I conscientiously believe that if any management took up ballad-singing “turns” with the same care which it devotes to many other items in a programme it would not find its trouble profitless. There are plenty of unset diamonds of fine water in this line of business, but one does not want rubbish, for it is one of the greatest errors to suppose that “anyone can sing a ballad.”

Miss Lilian Alexander may be said to be a born ballad-singer. Music just runs in her veins, for she can claim kinship with “Cheer, Boys, Cheer” Russell, who is her great-uncle, and with Miss Russell, the first of our Marguerites at the Italian Opera, while reference to her Scotch ancestors reminds us that “Within a Mile of Edinbro’ Town,” “Caller Herrin’,” and “The Blue Bells of Scotland” are ballads which do not make us love the Land o’ Cakes the less. Miss Lilian Alexander possesses a voice of considerable power, of sweet quality, and true as a bell. In a church choir at Woolwich and at many charity concerts she gave ample proof that the instruction to be obtained at the Guildhall School of Music from Mr. Edward Wharton would not be in vain. She was at that school credited with possessing the probable chance of making a great career in grand opera, but domestic financial affairs, through the death of a near relative, suggested the gathering in of a harvest in another field of musical art, which, in many cases, has proved quite as productive. Her good looks, her youth, and her unaffectedness naturally do not detract from her success as a singer, nor from her popularity in artistic circles. That Miss Lilian Alexander would be an acquisition to a light opera company there can be “no doubt, no shadow of doubt, no possible doubt whatever.”

LAST WEEK'S PARIS.

Mrs. Austin Lee, the pretty wife of the First Secretary of the British Embassy, has quite developed into an amateur *prima donna*. No smart society function is felt to be a success unless this clever lady has promised to sing, a state of things highly flattering, no doubt, but hardly always enviable. Mrs. Austin Lee, however, is very willing and delighted to sing at entertainments for poor people's benefit, and is rapidly becoming only second in popularity to Lady Dufferin among the poorer class of English and Americans living in Paris.

The scandal of the week is the dispute between Madame Calvé and Madame Emma Eames (Mrs. Julian Story). The former lady has just arrived back in Paris from America, where the two *prime donne* sang twice together, and on both occasions Madame Calvé deliberately refused her call with Madame Eames. Madame Melba also returned to France by the same boat, and declares her intention to refuse to sing with Madame Eames, so between the two belligerents the poor director, M. Grau, has a very bad time. Madame Eames spread the report that Madame Calvé openly said that she intended to “smack her face” (Madame Eames's) on the first opportunity. This Madame Calvé indignantly denies, and much warfare has been the consequence. Meanwhile, great preparations are being made at the Opéra Comique for the thousandth performance of “Mignon,” with Madame Calvé in the title-part.

At the Gymnase Theatre, Mdle. Darland, the *fiancée* of Comte Sampierrie, recently came to blows, literally, with a fellow-actor, who made some disparaging remark about the Comte. The fair lady promptly responded by a vigorous application of the hand to her companion's cheek, piff-paff! The onlookers screamed—it was at the end of the first act—the Comte came rushing out of Mdle. Darland's dressing-room to find his lady-love in violent hysterics and himself attacked by the actor, a man of diminutive stature, who clawed him by the chin, which was as far up as he could reach. The two men were separated speedily by the irate and horrified manager, and, after a full half-hour's delay, the curtain rose on the second act, with Mdle. Darland in her rôle. The next day a fine was inflicted on both parties, and peace reigns once more at the Gymnase—at any rate, outwardly.

Madame Liane de Pougy has been in the wars, too. This celebrated *demi-mondaine* is performing in some conjuring feats at the Folies-Bergère, and last Saturday, just as she was leaving the theatre, a man rushed up, and—piff, paff!—she received a heavy manual salute on both sides of her face. On recognising her assailant, however, she quietly stepped into her *coupé*, and did a dignified exit, without any more to do in the matter. A few months ago, it appears that Madame de Pougy was very friendly with the man—a stockbroker with a foreign name, who lives in England—and promised to continue to be so if he would give her £4000 to tide her over her then financial difficulties. He gave her the money, and the lady disappeared. What an *Ochs* he must have been!

The Princesse de Sagan hurried back from Algiers the moment she heard of the arrest of Comte Talleyrand-Périgord, hoping to immediately obtain his release. This the poor lady soon found she was powerless to do. The trial excites the greatest interest. MIMOSA.

A BETTER GIFT.

I gave my love a flower
As beauteous as may grow,
With fragrance as of morning-dew
And petals white as snow.
But “Ah,” she said, “its scent will fade,
Its petals withered lie.
Take back thy gift: 'tis not for me,
For Love should never die.”

I gave my love a jewel
Of deep and glittering sheen,
Worthy to grace the diadem
E'en of a nation's queen.
But “Ah,” she said, “its touch is ice,
And changing is its hue.
Take back thy gift: 'tis cold and false;
But Love is warm and true.”

I gave my love a songster,
With voice so sweet and clear
That every passer-by would stay
To wonder and to hear.
But “Ah,” she said, “he sings to all,
From morn till setting sun.
Take back thy gift, for Love's true notes
Are only heard by one.”

I gave my love my heart of hearts,
Its every thought her own.
“Accept this gift,” I cried, “which beats
For thee and thee alone!”
And “Aye,” she said, “I'll take the heart
Which all belongs to me;
And through the smiles and tears of life
I'll still be true to thee!” W. L. D.



LAST WEEK'S PARIS.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

We mentioned last week, by way of preliminary canter, a few first impressions of the One Hundred and Twenty-Sixth Exhibition of the Royal Academy; they were extremely few and, therefore, inadequate. It is possible now, however, when the bustle and excitement of the opening day, of the private view, and of the Academy banquet are past, to make some cool examination of the thousand or so oil-colours, for a beginning, which throng these venerated walls.

Let us begin by saying that we have no essential hostility to the Academy, as have so many of our most modern critics. It is true that an Academy, necessarily, has points which excuse even a prejudiced hostility. It is quite impossible to arrange so enormous a scheme of canvas, sent in piecemeal and without any previous correlation, with anything approaching success. It would be beyond the possibility of man to make beautiful so irregular and amorphous a mass. This is, of course, undeniable. Nevertheless, the advantages on the other side are so great and so obvious that it is quite useless to be unreasonably angry on account of these disadvantages.

To come, then, to this year's exhibition at once. The first room contains Mr. John Sargent's "Miss Chanler," about which we spoke at sufficient length last week. The President's "Fatidica" also hangs in this room; it is not a very stimulating canvas. The lady herself is painted with most of Sir Frederic's success of large and rhythmical line; the drapery, though consciously arranged, has a certain loveliness of harmony; but the colour of the whole, though purposely cold, is cold with something of a disagreeable effect, and therefore it fails in suitable impressiveness. Near this picture hangs one which, if it convinced one completely, as it does not, should be considered as a highly poetical creation. As it is, the idea of the hill summits "breaking forth into singing," stretching their huge, inanimate heads towards the heavens, as it were, in ancestral clamour, is sufficiently realised to be quite attractive and partly solemn. The picture is by Mr. Edward T. Compton, and though his colour is not altogether satisfactory, and his manner of laying on paint not very attractive, he has accomplished something quite interesting.

Mr. Ernest A. Waterlow has always a charming sense of landscape, and, although this year his "Cloudy June" is rather more dull than cloudy, he still betrays some of that charm. Miss Dora Noyes, in her "Two at a Stile," hanging in this first room, gives you so extreme an impression of sunshine that she actually lets you into her secret. If she had been content with a trifle more mystery, and had not shown how obviously she relates her colour with "this heavenly light," she might have accomplished something nearly remarkable. Mr. Sidney Cooper is here represented characteristically.

The President is prominent—once more prominent—in the second room with his "Summer Slumber," a canvas with some warm and glowing passages of colour, and with some dignity and even splendour in the conventional (and Presidential) sky. But Sir Frederic Leighton, despite all his noble sense of rhythm and composition, should really not attempt animals. His cat and his birds are almost ludicrous, while the girl's flesh is very insipid, and her hair, painted conventionally, is not painted according to a very pleasant convention. In this room hangs Mr. J. H. Lorimer's "Mariage de Convenance," a wonderfully delicate study of light and of many whites. There is a delicacy everywhere—in the veil that covers the girl's head, in the quiet reflection, in the gentle landscape, visible through the open window. Mr. J. J. Shannon contributes a portrait of Mrs. Claude Magniac, which hangs in this room, a work which confesses all this painter's cleverness of design and idea without very much of his solidity. It is a pity; but it is true.

In the third room we have the President again, "The Spirit of the Summit," an elaborately poetical conception of a female figure, seated upon the summit of a mountain, under the dark-blue sky and a few, rare stars. The face has all that peculiar fulness and gentle savourlessness which are characteristic of so many of Sir Frederic Leighton's feminine faces. Where we might have looked for ascetism and austerity for the true accomplishment of the picture's ambition, we get a not very spiritual voluptuary, rather self-conscious, but placed amid distinctly imposing and even impressive surroundings. Mr. Henry Moore, in his "Lowestoft Boats Running in a Breeze," deserts, for once, his deep and monotonous blues, and sends one into an unused admiration of his seascape in this firm and fine modelling of creamy waves and his dim blue distances. Near here, too, is quite an impressive portrait, in rather a low key, "Robert Bridges, Esq.," painted by Mr. Charles W. Furse; and if Mr. J. M. Swan fails to attract great admiration for the composition of his large picture, "Orpheus," his animals are still delightful, but the general fancy of the thing is a little cheap.

In the large room, too, is hung Mr. Watts's monumentally-solemn "For he had great possessions." We find in this painting a gravity, a splendid mournfulness, and a painterly quality which restore Mr. Watts joyfully to that high opinion which he deserved to win so many years ago. For such a subject as this, which selects the central figure, as it were, from a solemn and affecting incident, and sets it apart in solitude, and—for this instance—in so utter a solitude, Mr. Watts's peculiar immobility of surface and the sense of endurance which he conveys are perfectly fitted. The composition is solemnly graceful, and the attitude of the man is thought out with a deep sense of pathos and gravity. The mere painting is, in passages, exquisite.

Mr. Hubert Herkomer, R.A., contributes an enormous area of canvas, devoted to the pleasant subject "All beautiful in naked purity," which, we very much regret to think, does not justify itself. There is plenty of nakedness, indeed, and purity, of course; but beauty—well!

Mr. Herbert Draper comes with a wonderfully vivacious picture of "The Sea Maiden," quick with activity and motion and human vitality; the flesh of the maiden is, perhaps, streaky and lumpy, but the work is full of a gay and even intense promise. "The First Christmas Dawn," by Mr. Albert Goodwin, is fine in idea—the dim blue heavens opening afar off and very dimly in the blue sky, with its palaces and distant domes all blue—but, alas! the colour is difficult and exacts too much from the most willing admirer. We refer Mr. Goodwin to Titian, *passim*. Venice will teach him a large and liberal lesson in blue.

The seventh room contains a rather dull Stanhope Forbes—literal, full, and, no doubt, exact—"The Quarry Team"; but Mr. Forbes has begun to generalise his own manner too easily—he remembers his lesson, and repeats it a little glibly. In the eighth room, though, a Newlyn steps forward into a genuine distinction. Mr. T. C. Gotch has for some time now sacrificed the old Newlyn ideal—the grey window, the human pathos—and has adopted a personal manner which may develop into



THE FAVOURITE.—N. H. J. BAIRD.
Exhibited at the Royal Academy.

something very serious, and before long. His "Child Enthroned"—we take it as the living representation of the modern worship of the Child—is a wonderfully decorative panel, with an audacious and brilliant scheme of colour. The blue at first attracts, then repels, then attracts again, which rather shows that the blue could possibly be bettered. The rest is all praiseworthy. The red and the green are admirable in tone, while the girl's flesh is painted with a rare delicacy; the hands are particularly delicate, and with even something of a masterly touch.

Here, then, we must conclude. Mr. Chevallier Tayler contributes a brilliantly clever, but otherwise uninteresting, painting, "Gentlemen, the Queen!" upon which it was really not worth while to expend so much talent. Mr. T. B. Kennington in his "Disillusioned" emphasises the most modern novel rather uninterestingly. There are battle subjects and sentimental subjects, and subjects tragic, tender, timid, assertive, decorative, of every possible quality in the world, enough to satisfy the most voracious enthusiast of variety. And in this the Academy confesses its ancestry, and, we very much suspect, points to an everlasting posterity. Next week we hope to deal with the sculpture.

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It is quite settled that "Cymbeline" is to be the next Shaksperian revival at the Lyceum, and, although Mr. Irving has not decided whether he will produce this play before or after Mr. Comyns Carr's "King Arthur," it is on the cards that when Mr. Augustin Daly returns to London next spring he will find the Lyceum "Cymbeline" in possession of the town. This contingency, it may be hoped, will resolve Mr. Daly to produce "The Tempest," for, although it would be delightful to make comparison between Miss Terry's Imogen and Miss Rehan's, there could be no other advantage in having "Cymbeline" played at two London theatres simultaneously.

There is no truth in the report that, stimulated by the success of his son Lawrence in "The Wild Duck," Mr. Irving is meditating a performance of Ibsen at the Brixton Theatre. Yet there is something undeniably fascinating in the idea. Ibsen played by the great champion of the romantic drama, and in Brixton! After that you might expect to hear the "Rosmersholm view of life" discussed in the omnibus on Brixton Hill, together with the price of butter and the "goings on" of domestic servants.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones ought to be greatly edified by Mr. William Archer's analysis of "The Masqueraders." Most of us have found that play to be an effective piece of romantic melodrama, but Mr. Archer finds in it unsuspected depths of philosophy. It suggests to him the "incalculable vastnesses of space and time," the "material immensity that is an illusion, and the infinitesimal that is truly immense." "We may, if we list," adds the philosophic William, "seek relief from the morally Incomprehensible in the materially Uncomprehended." We may, indeed; but why we should seek it at the St. James's Theatre I am quite unable to say, unless we inquire at the box-office, where, I suspect, the "materially Uncomprehended" has resolved itself into a highly satisfactory sum in arithmetic.

Lord Rosebery is said to have missed something in the welcome from his supporters at Manchester. He addressed an enthusiastic meeting, and everything seemed to be perfectly satisfactory; yet there was a cloud on his brow. His host could not imagine what was lacking; but at last the Prime Minister, with a tragic air, disburdened his soul during the drive to the railway station. "They have said kind things about me," he remarked; "they have cheered me to the echo; but there has not been a word or a cheer for my horse." Just then a sportsman in the crowd called out, "Three cheers for Ladas!" Lord Rosebery struck an attitude of comic rapture, and exclaimed, "At last! Now I am happy."

It is not often that an Englishman objects to the odorous fragrance of "the weed" in a railway carriage, and, still less, stops a train because his fellow-voyager disagrees with his amusement. But all rules are proved by the law-breaker, as the recent episode in a Paris train points out. Into a non-smokers' carriage came a burly stranger, blowing clouds of such potency and thickness that an Englishman, preparing to brave the wild high seas beyond Dieppe, became prematurely disquieted, and asked his neighbour to desist, for his soul was sick within him. No notice being taken of threats or entreaties, however, the true-born Briton rushed at the alarm signal, pulled the bell, and the train was stopped. Heads were hurriedly thrust out in all directions, a murder or suicide at the very least being expected to follow this bell-pulling extraordinary. When the real grievance was brokenly uttered in Anglo-Saxon French, however, there were various views taken by the passengers of this feebly-livered traveller, and, to add to his already sufficient qualms of mind and person, a full fine was exacted for having unduly disturbed the peace of nations for a pipe. The moral of which is, undoubtedly, to suffer and be strong—or, at all events, be silent—in a strange country.

Members of a well-known club in Pall Mall were lately somewhat surprised to see a notice put up in the entrance-hall requesting "the nobleman who removed an umbrella, not his own, on such and such a date, to kindly replace it." Now, though extremely gay, and with the utmost willingness to be aristocratic, the institution in question did not, as a matter of fact, possess any peers on its members' list. So the committee, taking umbrage at a supposed slight, summoned the supercilious bill-sticker to explain his libellous poster. "Why, Sir," they asked, "should you suppose a nobleman had taken your umbrella?" "Well," replied this irrepressible logician, "the first article in this club's rules says that it is to be composed of noblemen and gentlemen, and since the unknown who annexed my umbrella cannot have been a gentleman, my argument is that he must have been a nobleman." A presentation gamp was immediately subscribed for.

Here is a case for the Psychical Society, and interesting, perhaps, to the lovers of coincidences. A gentleman, an intimate friend of a friend of my own, lost his wife three years ago. Up to last Christmas he was apparently in excellent health. Just before the festive season he dined with some friends, and there were the abhorred number thirteen at table, and he remarked, "Well, if one of us has to go before next Christmas comes round, I feel that I shall be the one." Not long afterwards he was taken ill, and lingered on, the victim of an incurable complaint, for about three months; then he asked to be moved to the room in which his wife died, saying he was certain he should die on the anniversary of her death. His wishes were complied with, and a week or two ago the end came, not only on the day, but, I believe, almost at the hour at which his wife had "learned the great secret."

I have just seen a novel form of advertisement. On reaching home, the other afternoon, I found on the hall table a most official-looking document—the royal arms, blue paper, legal phraseology, and all the paraphernalia of a jury summons, or some such horrid instrument. Approaching it with dread, I was relieved to find it was a summons to appear at once before a certain local tailor, inasmuch as that I, or you, being a person duly able to wear clothing, had not ordered the same at this particular establishment, but had wilfully neglected to do so. This, and a good deal more, was given under the hand and seal of the afore-said sartorial gentleman. I wonder whether this legal notion is the outcome of native talent, or whether the idea has been imported from that paradise of bold advertisement, the United States.

The Home Secretary has lately "loomed large" before the public eye as a politician. Last week, however, Mr. Asquith forsook his heavy departmental duties in Whitehall for St. George's, Hanover Square—that fashionable hyphen for Hymen in London—and was united in holy matrimony to Miss Margot Tennant. The bride is one of the most brilliant young ladies in society, and, like her husband, has been a member of that mysterious circle entitled "The Souls." The ceremony on the 10th was attended by a great number of distinguished people,



Photo by Morris, Chester.

MR. ASQUITH'S WEDDING-CAKE.

who added their congratulations to those which had been given by Mr. Asquith's Parliamentary colleagues, the staff of the Home Office, and his constituents. The wedding-cake was a triumph of the confectioner's art, and did Messrs. Bolland and Sons, of Chester, the highest credit. It was in three tiers, and had shields bearing the monograms of the bride and bridegroom. It was decorated with a bouquet and wreath of natural flowers.

Many of my readers are subscribers to Mudie's Select Library, and to the kind attention of these I would commend the fact that the authorities of the indispensable book-lending institution in New Oxford Street have again started the series of summer Saturday half-holidays. From the present time onwards right until October the library will be closed on Saturdays at two o'clock instead of late in the afternoon, as is the rule, and hence the assistants, a body of most intelligent and obliging young men, will be able to spend the half day in cycling, cricketing, boating, and so on. I am told that, as a matter of fact, very few books are ever exchanged on Saturday afternoons, and these chiefly by ladies, who might well replenish their stock of literary pabulum before two o'clock. Hence, perhaps, in fulness of time the management of Mudie's may, if they obtain the necessary public support, be enabled to establish the system of early closing on Saturdays all the year round. I am sure there is no reason whatever why it should not be done.

Not long ago I was talking about dancing and things dramatic with Madame Cavallazzi, and she told me many stories of her travels with the Mapleson Opera Company through different parts of America. At first I listened very quietly, but when I recollected my profession out came a pencil and I made sly notes on the back of a letter. Two or three days later I looked at those notes, and was delighted to find they were decipherable. I only wish they were more copious, for the great dancer's eighteen journeys across the Atlantic and twelve years' connection with Her Majesty's Opera Company have been prolific enough in experiences to supply me for months. The Italians, when they were *en route* from one place to another, were not the high and haughty ones of popular imagination—in fact, their instincts were at times somewhat Bohemian. They used to travel through America in railway cars fitted with all possible conveniences. Madame Patti, of course, had a superb compartment, with her piano and everything she could desire; Madame Cavallazzi and her husband, the late Mr. Mapleson, had another; but many of the company clubbed together. They would generally take some provisions with them from one town to another, but if the journey was very long would do their own cooking in the car. Now, whether this Italian cooking was very terrible I did not learn, but the director of the train complained to Mr. Mapleson that when the cars had reached their destination they would be unfit for use again. And therein must have been much food—for reflection! Was the food or were the cooks at fault, or was the man in authority hypersensitive? As the very peculiar comedian, R. G. Knowles, sapiently sings, "P'r'aps, p'r'aps not."

When Henry Irving first went to America the Yankees went almost wild with excitement. Not only were audiences numerous and enthusiastic, but hotel proprietors were exceedingly anxious to pay their visitors every attention. Now, it happened that Ellen Terry had two favourite little fox-terriers, which accompanied her on her travels, in course of which the company arrived at Boston, and stayed there to give several performances. Miss Terry stayed at the Hôtel Dam, and the manager, anxious to impress her favourably, had decorated the sitting-room in very costly and elaborate style. The decoration must have displeased the æsthetic eyes of the fox-terriers, for they set to work and made a funny spectacle of it. Hangings were torn down, silk and lace destroyed, and the room changed from an earthly paradise to a rag fair. When the manager discovered the state of things he was horrified and—other things; while, although the actress compensated him for the damage sustained, he vowed that never another dog should enter the precincts of the Dam Hôtel. What a relief to his feelings it must have been to put it like that! A little while after the incident, Her Majesty's Opera Company arrived in Boston, and several of the principals put up at the Hôtel Dam. No fewer than four of them had dogs, and of the four Signor Campanini and Mesdames Gerster and Valleria managed to get their pets in unperceived. Madame Cavallazzi, whose dog was a tiny little one, was unfortunate, for her pet barked at a critical moment. The manager protested that, much as he liked Mr. Mapleson, he could not accommodate him if his wife kept that dog. Then Madame suggested that he should go and inquire after his other guests before settling anything. When the unfortunate man found out the state of things, he saw he must break his oath or ruin his business, and preferred to let the oath go. Although I have no authority on the matter, I am willing to give odds that he replaced the oath with several others.

One of the most strange of very many strange experiences befell Her Majesty's Opera Company at a little town called Chian, somewhere among the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Someone advised Mr. Mapleson to take the company there, but on a map being procured it revealed the fact that the town consisted of one street. This did not suggest very much business, yet, either for the sake of the experience or a rest, it was decided to go. A train took the company within a few miles of the town, and was then met by a special laden with smoke and fizz pleasant to the heart of man. This was gratifying to the feelings, not to say palates, of the company, and long drinks and big cigars became the order of the hour. On reaching the town, the previous forebodings were realised. There seemed to be very little of it except an English Club and a fair-sized hall, the property of the local grocer, in which the performance was to take place. The agent spoke words of comfort, pointing out that the show was under the auspices of the English Club, while, after prophesying great things in the way of advance booking, he adjourned with Mr. Mapleson to the grocer's emporium. Here they learned the pleasant news that thirty dollars' worth of tickets had been sold. Very disgusted, Mr. Mapleson proposed to give up the show altogether; but the agent persuaded him to persevere. The arrangements for dressing were primitive enough to have gladdened the heart of an early county councillor, and the company awaited the rise of the curtain, expecting to see a "beggarly array of empty benches." Judge of their astonishment to find the place packed from floor to ceiling with men and women in evening dress. The English Club contingent had come in all its strength to pay due honour to the old home company, and, incredible as it may seem, the receipts from that one performance realised more than one thousand pounds. Now, then, touring managers, don't talk of theatrical depression, but hurry off to Chian. And, by-the-way, some of you might stop there.

The stone steps leading from the courtyard off Piccadilly up to the Albany, steps which have been worn down by the feet of countless generations of bachelors and widowers—for of such are the inhabitants of these famous chambers—have within the last few days been replaced

by steps of marble, which look as if they would last for another century or so. The flagstones that paved the entrance-hall have also been removed, and a very effective mosaic pavement laid down. It is just ninety years since the great mansion, purchased from Lord Holland by the first Lord Melbourne, and afterwards exchanged by him with the Duke of York and Albany for Dover House, was altered and enlarged, its garden built over, and sixty sets of comfortable chambers prepared for those "bachelors and widowers" whose means would allow them to live in such an enviable situation. Byron, Macaulay, Canning, and Lytton have been among the many well-known men who have had chambers in the Albany, a building which has been written of with a sort of pious horror before now by lady novelists, though for what reason I am really at a loss to discover. Save the mothers, sisters, cousins, and aunts of the tenants, and the harmless necessary charwoman or housekeeper, no female is supposed to be allowed to enter these sacred precincts, but I believe there have been cases of lady visitors being permitted to visit there who might possibly have failed to stand the test of a cross-examination with regard to their blood-relationship to their host.

I have been reading with the greatest enjoyment Mrs. Edmund Gosse's delightful articles on "The Tyranny of Woman" in the *New Review*. The wit is so delicate, the urbanity so charming, the good sense so sound, that a man may confess himself a poor and clumsy hand at this chiding and chastening of woman's skipping spirit. Mrs. Gosse reminds her fellow-conquerors that even in the pride of a complete subjugation of man they would do well to consider his feelings in a few trivial things, and not ride roughshod over him in the Sarah Grand manner. It is excellent advice, though I suspect "our Boadiceas" will scarcely relish Mrs. Gosse's sly hint that, despite their heroic clamour, they have not altered the relative positions of the sexes one jot.

A ramble through a secondhand bookseller's catalogue has, to many people, quite as much charm as a tour in some undiscovered country. Even to the layman it is undeniably interesting at times. For example, in the May catalogue of Mr. Maggs, of Paddington Green, I find for sale the 1786-9 edition of "Sandford and Merton" in three volumes. The copy formerly belonged to Fanny Burney, having been presented to her by her father, Dr. Burney, who penned these lines in the second volume—

See, see, my dear Fan,
Here comes, spick and span,
Little Sandford and Merton,
Without stain or dirt on;
'Tis volume the second,
Than the first better reckoned.
Pray read it with glee
And remember C.B.

April 18, 1786.

I notice that Miss Millard, of Teddington, who was recently interviewed in these pages, has got hold of one of the three copies of Mr. Ruskin's "The Queen's Gardens." The only other two copies known are in the possession of Mr. Thomas J. Wise (The Ashley Library), and in the "John Rylands" Collection at Manchester, respectively. The original differs considerably from the version printed in "Sesame and Lilies." Miss Millard calls her catalogue "Eureka!!! The Bookseeker's Haven," and it bears this legend—

The book I adore
I had sought years a score,
But others there are who still seek her;
To these let me say
That one fortunate day
I found her by reading "Eureka."

Moral.

My trust will be henceforth "Eureka!"

A propos of early editions, I heard recently of one particular collector who has built up a splendid library, but who has never been known to read any of his treasures. Now, if that good man, and he is not a rarity, were quite candid, it strikes me he would perpetrate a perversion of Mr. Austin Dobson's muse in some such fashion as this—

"They dwell in the odour of camphor,
They stand in a Sheraton shrine,
They are warranted early editions,
Those worshipful tomes of mine."
I, too, have my treasures like Austin
(I keep them in camphor myself);
But this is the difference—he reads his,
Mine never come down from the shelf.
Behold them in sumptuous bindings,
The works of the living and dead;
I've spent quite a fortune upon them,
The books that I never have read.
I've early editions of Swinburne,
Of Meredith, Dickens, and Scott;
I dote on my wonderful treasures,
But never read one of the lot.
For hours I will linger at Sotheby's
In search of the volumes I need;
I've plenty of patience to hunt them,
But never have patience to read.

I've all the editions of Byron,
And everything written by Lang,
I never peruse them—I study
"Don Juan" (burlesqued) and "Go-Bang."

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CELESTE.

BY RUDOLF DIRCKS.

"Yes; your friendship with Florentin struck me as curious. I did not quite understand it. I am not sure that I ever tried to."

"Oh, it was perfectly accountable! There was a sort of—what shall I say?—antipathetic magnetism, the attraction of opposites, which sustains a friendship, you know. Each was so little comprehensible to the other and so interesting."

"But it came to an end?"

"Ah! you have heard about that, too? Yes; for one unfortunate moment we understood each other. The result was inevitable."

"May one inquire?"

"Why not? It involves an anecdote—a trivial relation, if you care to listen. But our cigars! Let us renew them. Thanks; mine is already lighted. It is now some weeks ago; we had supped together here at the club, and afterwards we strolled along Piccadilly towards the Circus. It was a frosty night, and the Piccadilly pandemonium was in full swing. The lawless traffic, which, if custom establishes law, by-the-way, is as Constitutional as the House of Commons, was at its height. We had just reached the bend of the Circus, when a remarkable thing occurred: a woman who was passing us stopped, confronted us, gave a slight scream, and fainted. Florentin caught her in his arms as she was falling, and in a moment we were the centre of a crowd."

"With my usual lack of *savoir faire*, I stood helpless by Florentin's side, regarding the pallid, rather handsome, unfortunate creature whom he was supporting, and half-wondering—as one might—not how she came to be there, for that was obvious, but what had occasioned her fainting. A policeman pushed his way through the crowd, and Florentin surrendered his burden to him, saying that he would fetch some water. He touched my arm, and I went along with him. As we proceeded, he seemed to have forgotten about the water, and I reminded him."

"Oh, it was only an excuse to get out of the business," he said.

"Did you observe the woman?" I asked.

"Oh, yes."

"Did it occur to you that there was a refinement, an expression of innocence, in her still face—that look which sometimes returns to the face of a dead person—for one of her type?"

"He laughed a little. 'Shall I tell you her history?'"

"You know it?"

"Intimately, I may say."

"One always seems to know the history," I said, "but if there is anything unusual in hers I confess it would interest me."

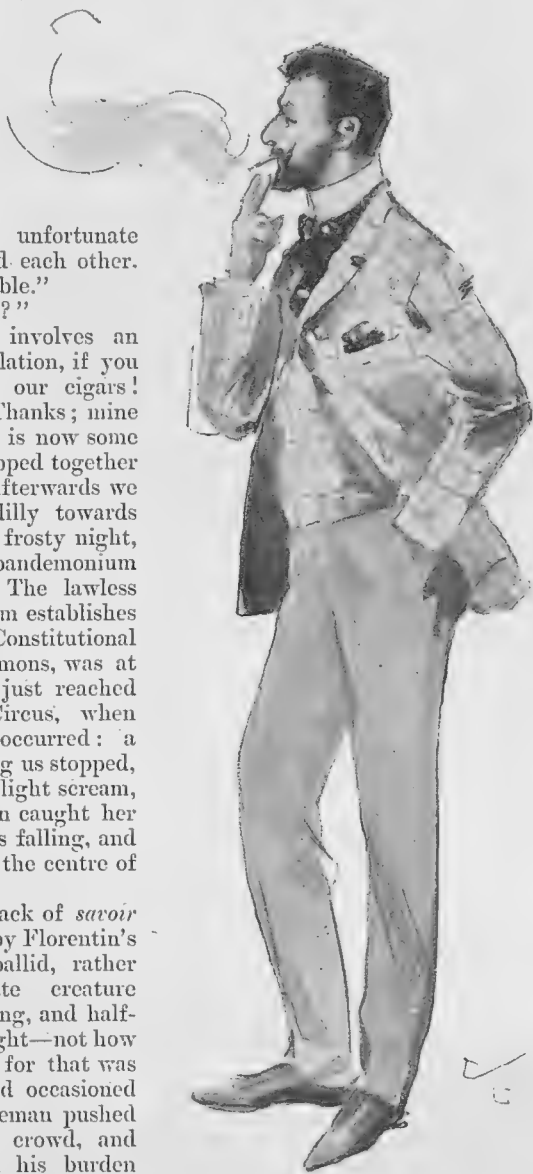
"Very well, then, let us return. It is very short, very simple."

"We repassed the spot where the incident had occurred. The promenade was proceeding as usual."

"I don't know," he began, when we had arrived here, "that there is anything particularly exceptional in that creature's tragedy; possibly it is not quite so sordid as the others are, possibly it possesses an unsophisticated element which they do not possess. The charm of it is its idyllic simplicity; a poet might sing it on one note—up to a certain point."

"You probably observed that she was a Frenchwoman; her nationality is expressed in every line of her face; one must have the Latin type of beauty in view to realise her full perfection. But to come to the history. She sprang from a race of professional mediocrities, both her parents being in the chorus at the Opéra Comique, in Paris, of course. These were good, honest people, and passionately devoted to Celeste—that is her name—their only child; they were hardly less devoted to their calling, but they saw its dangers, and hoped to bring Celeste up to a different—I don't think they would have called it a better—career."

"But one day the father died. The mother struggled with comparative poverty for a while before granting a persistent request of Celeste, who



He was a man of the world.

was now fourteen, that she might be allowed to earn something for herself and contribute her mite towards the household expenses. She was a very beautiful child, so that there was no difficulty. But, alas! she lacked the one qualification for the chorus: her voice was not musical and was of a poor quality. If, however, she could not sing, she had a remarkable aptitude for dancing; the steps came as naturally to her as notes to a young bird. Her soul, in all its immaculate youth and gaiety, seemed to find expression in her every movement. Surely it was one of those happy chances of fortune that an opening should have been found for her in the ballet."

"Your average lady of the ballet in this country may be a person of quite rigorous principles—I have reasons for believing that she usually is—but socially she is of no account; your ladies' maids and milliners would hardly tolerate a bowing acquaintance with her. In France, or rather Paris, it is, as you know, the reverse in both respects. She may be really quite the most important person in an artistic coterie, for instance. Celeste was an exception, the only one, I dare say. It is true that she was protected by her mother, a perfect dragon of virtue; but her own innocence was, indeed, marvellous, invincible. Perhaps it was a deficiency that she had no faculty for realising wickedness. Having been familiar with the theatre from her childhood, she had not the remotest feeling of indelicacy—not the remotest."

"Every girl, however, good or otherwise, has her romance, and Celeste had hers: though in her case it did not awaken the fiend of self-consciousness. It was an exquisite abstraction, a child's dream of Heaven."

"He was a man of the world, a *boulevardier*, something of an artist and very much of a lover, rather notorious among women. His interest in the theatre—need it be said?—did not originate with Celeste; there were others. She dawned upon him suddenly, and for a little time he was fascinated by her joyous, lithe movements, by her incomparable physical qualities, by that indefinable quality of fascination possessed by girls of Celeste's age. She had for him purely an æsthetic fascination. 'Does she not,' he said to a friend one night, as they were watching her from their seats, 'by her gaiety, her virginal freshness, her exquisite immaturity, perfectly symbolise Spring?'"

"This was the beginning of Celeste's romance: she saw him, saw that he observed her, and she was filled with a new delight, absorbing, incomprehensible."

"On one occasion only did he try to make her acquaintance, but, hearing of the mother, gave up the idea. Afterwards the fact of his not knowing her had a sort of careless attraction for him—the attraction of novelty; he knew so many. Occasionally he contrived to send her flowers, which were acknowledged from the stage by a reserved, revealing smile. And occasionally he would wait at the stage-door and watch her egress with her mother, and catch in his eyes the glance which would flash from hers as she passed."

"It was a monstrous pity that the affair could not have remained at this harmless point, and come eventually to an end, as it possibly would—at any rate, so far as he was concerned. But Providence intervened in the shape of a bad cold, which carried off the mother and left Celeste alone, absolutely alone. Here the romance ends. The rest is attenuated commonplace. Their first meeting was, at least, curious: he feigned an interest which, I fear, he hardly felt—so innocent a creature is somewhat calculated to disarm interest, you know—and she, in a like way, feigned an indifference which did not last. He gave way to circumstances, as you may imagine, and the result was—well, we saw it to-night."

"It was her recognition of you which caused——" I began.

"My dear fellow," he interrupted, "pray do not now exact an explanation of the obvious."

"And then?"

"Oh, then I did the foolish thing which has made such a fuss; but at that moment he seemed so intolerably heartless that the glass sprang from my hand before——"

"You have apologised to him, of course?"

"No; it has not seemed necessary."

"IF YOU SHOULD DARE!"

O blushing rose, my Phyllis neat,
With neck of snow and look discreet,
And charms in spotless print arrayed,
You gently ply your milking trade,
A Watteau shepherdess complete."

I know her stool's a shaky seat,
But, on my faith, she looks so sweet—
But hark! a challenge from the maid,
"If you should dare!"

Her pail's between her dainty feet,
Her hat defies Sol's fiercest beat,
I steal behind her in the shade,
But suddenly I pause, dismayed—
A warning voice my footsteps greet,
"If you should dare!"

T. P. S.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

"JUNIUS" REVEALED.*

Germany has her mystery in Causparhauser; France has her mystery in the Man in the Iron Mask, and is likely long to enjoy it, as in all probability no such man ever existed, except in the imagination of Voltaire, the black velvet mask having been simply a common article of attire, and State prisoners having been made to put it on when they

To Mr. David Garrick

*I am very exactly informed of your
expectant inquiries, & of the information
you so basily sent to Richmond & with what
triumph & exultation it was received.
I knew every particular of it the next day
Now mark me, vagabonds - keep to your
pastimes, or be assured you shall hear
of it. Meddle no more, thou busy
informer! - It is in my power to make
you curse the hour, in which you dared
to interfere with Junius*

*I doubt much whether I shall
ever have the pleasure of knowing
you; but if things takes the
turn I expect, you shall know
me by my works* *T*

FAC-SIMILE OF THE HANDWRITING OF "JUNIUS."

Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Bell and Sons from their edition of "Junius."

changed their prison. England has hitherto had her mystery in "Junius," but she will enjoy it no more, for there can be no longer any shadow of doubt that the "Letters" were written by Sir Philip Francis. This was clearly proved by the investigations of the great expert in handwriting, Mr. Chabot, who, under the instructions of Mr. Twisleton, compared the feigned handwriting of "Junius" with the handwriting of Francis, and discovered the subtle evidences of identity which are fully exhibited in Mr. Twisleton's work. Mr. Francis, grandson of Sir Philip, now clinches the nail. It appears that the envelope of a copy of verses written by Francis, and sent to a young lady at Bath, was addressed in the feigned hand of "Junius." The identity was recognised at once by the younger Woodfall. Fac-similes are given in this book. Though the verses themselves were transcribed, not in the handwriting of Francis, but in that of his kinsman, Tilghman, that they were composed by Francis seems beyond dispute. A date inserted in a proof of one of the letters of "Junius" is clearly in Francis's natural handwriting. Mr. Francis also finds that "Junius" used four of Sir Philip Francis's seals. Francis's history, his sympathies and antipathies, and his sardonic irritability of temper all fit the theory of his authorship. The editor of the "Grenville Papers" succeeds, I think, in leaving an impression that Lord Temple, that subterranean intriguer and mischief-maker, had something to do with "Junius," and, perhaps, furnished information; the attempt to

prove him the author totally fails. For no other claimant can any case be made.

It is interesting to have the subject handled by the grandson of "Junius," and Mr. Francis adds to the circumstantial evidence by the account which he gives us of his grandfather's later years. It appears that Francis, though he never avowed his authorship, betrayed his identity with "Junius" by showing his sensitiveness when "Junius" was criticised. When an impropriety of expression in one of the letters was pointed out, he at once declared it a misprint, and undertook to say what "Junius" had really written. When the authorship had been brought closely home to him by Mr. Taylor's "'Junius' Identified," he, presumably to avoid questioning, ceased to go to his club, which, as his grandson says, must have been a severe privation to an inveterate whist-player. His vanity, which was undoubtedly great, would probably have led him to own the authorship when all danger from the resentment of his victims was overpast. But it seems that he had grace enough to be ashamed of some of the things which he had written, such as his description of the good-natured Lord Barrington as "the blackest heart in the kingdom," while with some of the men whom he had once furiously denounced he was living, his grandson tells us, in friendship during his later years.

Francis, thus identified with "Junius," is an equivocal character, as even his grandson seems to be aware. We may give him credit for genuine love of liberty and zealous attachment to the Constitution. His grandson tells us that he proved his fidelity to principle by resigning the inheritance of a fine West Indian estate rather than withdraw a Bill which he had introduced for improving the condition of West Indian slaves. This may be set off against the apparent fact that he allowed the Government which he was denouncing to get him out of the way by an Indian appointment. But there can be no doubt, nor does his grandson deny, that in some of his letters, notably those in connection with appointments in the War Office, he was inspired, not by patriotic indignation, but by personal enmity. Even when his motive was perfectly public he gave way to his likes and dislikes without measure, and allowed himself to be carried far beyond the bounds of truth and justice. His conduct to Hastings in India was utterly indefensible, and so was his subsequent infusion of his personal animosity into the too susceptible imagination and heart of Burke. It is an astounding instance of Burke's want of practical discretion and good taste that he should have tried to get Francis, the bitter personal enemy of the accused, named as one of the managers of the impeachment. That patriotism and malignity can dwell side by side is shown by their union in the breast of Philip Francis. The immense sensation made by the "Junius" letters in their day proves, I venture to think, that the power of smart writing and pungent epigram was less common in those days

of verses
The enclosed paper, was found this
morning by accident. The person who found
them, not knowing to whom they belong,
is obliged to trust to his own judgement
and takes for granted that they
could only be meant for Miss Giles

FAC-SIMILE OF THE ENVELOPE WHICH ENCLOSED THE BATH VERSES.

than it is in ours. There are probably several writers on the London Press who, if they chose to take the same pains in elaboration and to be equally bitter, could produce a series of political pasquinades not inferior to the letters of "Junius."

GOLDWIN SMITH.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Buildings, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane.

TO AUTHORS AND OTHERS.

It is particularly requested that no further poems or short stories be sent to The Sketch, as the Editor has a supply sufficient to last him well into the twentieth century.

* "Junius" Revealed." By his surviving grandson, H. R. Francis. London: Longmans, Green, and Co.

A MOUNTAINEER IN THE HIMALAYAS.

A TALK WITH MR. W. MARTIN CONWAY.

One of the most interesting books of the season is the graphic account by Mr. W. Martin Conway, the well-known mountaineer, of his expedition among the Himalayas. The other day (writes a *Sketch* interviewer), I called on Mr. Conway at his home at Notting Hill Gate, and had a talk with him about the expedition and points of mountaineering arising out of it.

"What was the object of the undertaking?" I began.

"Of course, more than mountaineering pure and simple," he said; "scientific and geographical purposes besides. We surveyed great stretches of unknown country, made collections of plants and insects and rocks, took observations on the human body at high altitudes, and so on. What I may call the scientific products of the expedition have been submitted to specialists, and their studies will largely form the second volume of the book, an appendix, really, to the first, in which I describe for the general reader our day-to-day experiences."

"How long were you among the Himalayas?"

"Including the voyages out to India and back again, we were away practically the whole of the year 1892. We selected the Karakoram

Himalayas, which, averagely, are the highest, and which might be described as lying behind the Himalayas that directly frown down on India. When we arrived at Gilgit the weather was still too wintry for us to go into the mountains, so while we waited there we did some surveying. We began the expedition proper at the commencement of June, and climbed until the last week in August—or was it the first week in September?"

"Was Gilgit the last point of civilisation before you struck into the Himalayas?"

"It was the last place where we saw any English faces, but Nagyr, in Hunza-Nagyr, was absolutely our final starting-point—that is to say, we got our last provisions there, and, indeed, all we could get consisted of sheep and flour. You see, we had to take everything with us that we should require until we got down from our long climb, so that meant a large number of carriers, people of Nagyr, many of them, and very intelligent. Altogether, we had fifteen languages in the camp, including English, French, German, and Italian."

"Well, are the Himalayas more easy to climb than the Alps—more difficult, I should anticipate?"

"Mountains in the Himalayas are much more precipitous, and mountaineering in the Himalayas involves a bigger business altogether than it does in the Alps. To mountaineer in the Himalayas

you really need to make an expedition, to have all the men and munitions of an organised expedition. In the Alps, of course, that is not necessary, and it is for this reason, as well as on account of their distance away, that the Himalayas are never likely to attract European mountaineers generally."

"How would you contrast the Himalayas and the Alps from the point of view of scenic beauty?"

"The Himalayan Mountains do not have the luxury of colour of the Alps, but they are infinitely grander. There is more bad weather in the Himalayas than in the Alps, but we did not meet a storm so furious as a real, thorough-going Alpine storm. A Himalayan storm has its well-defined method of gathering and breaking. You have a brilliantly clear day, but high up above the tops of the mountains you see wisps of clouds. A mare's tail appears, then two or three, and then wisps of fine cloud. Gradually all these become softer, melt together, spread over the whole sky, and move slowly down the mountains. This gradual gathering of the storm may take some days, but from the time you notice its beginning you need never be doubtful about it. When the clouds have come down from the highest peaks to the lower ones, they develop mist and snow, a full-blown storm. The tempest having subsided, you get fine weather until the mares' tails once more begin to gather."

"Is there the same charm about climbing in the Himalayas that there is in climbing the Alps?"

"I imagine the reason why people want to climb when they go to Switzerland is that they want to get up from the valleys on to the peaks they see rising into the sky. It is an instinctive notion to desire to get

up in order to see the villages, the whole surrounding country, from the utmost coign of vantage. Now, you would climb a dreadfully long time in the Himalayas before you got up to the highest point—a very dreadfully long time, I'm afraid—and even if you did, what would you see? Not the Alpine valleys, with the villages nestling in them, but an endless, illimitable range of peaks, the one like the other, except it might be different in conformation and higher or lower a trifle, as the case might be. In other words, in the Himalayas you don't have the same instinctive desire to get up, in order that, being up, you may see about you."

"In the Himalayas you ascended to a greater height, did you not, than anybody else has ever done anywhere?"

"Yes; to twenty-three thousand feet. This was Pioneer Peak, as I christened it, and from the top we saw others higher. Our last three-days' climbing were somewhat trying—perhaps a little more than trying. Up to about eighteen or nineteen thousand feet mountaineering is exhilarating, but when you get beyond that it tries the physical powers very severely. During those last three days we all had splitting headaches, just as if we were recovering from long illnesses. Another effect of the atmosphere up there was to weigh us down with a terrible feeling of lassitude—the desire to do no mortal thing. It took you half an hour to decide upon so simple a matter as the winding-up of your watch."

"How high do you think it is possible for the trained mountaineer, the mountaineer of good physique, to go?"

"I think twenty-four thousand feet might be done. I think more would be doubtful—that is to say, the human machine simply would not go at a higher altitude than that. Much, however, would depend upon the conditions of climbing after, say, eighteen or nineteen thousand feet had been passed. Our final stages were over pure ice; every step had to be cut. It was laborious work. If we had got snow to walk upon instead of ice, the effort would, naturally, have been a less tax on us; but, unfortunately, the heat of the sun is so great that it almost melts the snow as it falls, and you get ice immediately."

"I need hardly ask so devoted a mountaineer if mountain climbing—climbing in moderation—is beneficial?"

"I don't think there can be two opinions on the point. I imagine as much will be accepted even by people who have never experienced the advantages of mountaineering. Only one man need fear to get anything but benefit as well as enjoyment out of mountaineering, and that is the man whose heart happens to be affected. Doctors warn him off; but even consumptives have been advised to try the mountains as a healer and tonic. Women, too, are now taking in some measure to mountaineering, but

the average woman is hardly, perhaps, adapted to the work—anyhow, in its sterner forms. I have climbed with a party where a woman has held her own very well with the others, but in a difficult ascent or a giddy descent I am bound to confess I should feel easier in mind with a man at every point of the rope."

"To return to your Himalayan expedition, were you pleased with it from the mountaineer's point of view, and do its scientific results satisfy you?"

"Yes, to both questions. If I were going back I should travel over more unexplored country rather than seek to ascend to the great heights, work which occupies much time. I should take large areas and go over them, and make journeys through more of the great passes. Shall I go back? All I can say is that that's in the future."

"From what you say, I take it you don't expect the Himalayas ever to become a general mountaineering resort for Europe?"

"No; as I have said, they are too far away, and the expense would be too great; but the Himalayas—the Kashmir Himalayas, anyhow—might easily become the playground of India. At present the Anglo-Indian goes to Kashmir for his holidays and hunts. He has the enjoyment of mountaineering at the same time; but one day the game will disappear before the gun, then the Anglo-Indian will take to mountaineering."

So ended my audience with a mountaineer who is as breezy a talker as he is an authoritative and picturesque writer on more subjects than one, who, moreover, has now set out on the venture of winning a seat in the House of Commons.



Photo by the Cameron Studio, Mortimer Street, W.

MR. W. M. CONWAY.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The most Rhadamanthine of our judges has given sentence, and two Italian Anarchists will be secluded from society for lengthened periods. No one seems to mourn their fate particularly. They are foreigners, and of an unpleasant kind; they do not add to the wealth of our country, save in the persons of the chemists who sell them their ingredients and the ironmongers who make their bombs. Whether penal servitude be the most rational method of dealing with them may be doubted. Yet you cannot hang them very well, for they have not murdered or attempted to murder, and hanging would make martyrs of them; they are probably not quite of sound mind, and yet to relegate them to a lunatic asylum would lead many idle and shiftless persons to become Anarchists in hopes of being supported and tended as madmen. Even ridicule only spurs the colossal vanity of the Anarchist to further explosions.

"I wanted," quoth the Anarchist in the dock, "to blow up the bourgeoisie." In this many of us may sympathise with him. It is this solid and stolid commercial middle class that we are all trying to blow up, metaphorically or in fact. Many an artist, for instance, would like to construct a hammered-iron pot, wherewith to scatter over the area of Glasgow the Dogberry who has proscribed the exhibition of all pictures dealing with the nude, or an approach thereto, because the works of the President of the Royal Academy and other eminent artists cause unholy thoughts to arise in the bosoms of the men of Glasgow. Methinks the people of that great city must be strangely constituted. I do not know, but it seems to me that it would require a singularly depraved imagination for a man to be at all excited by anything in the way of the nude ever painted by Leighton, or Alma-Tadema, or Poynter, or other Academicians. Their work is so purely impersonal that it is impersonally pure. Nobody thinks of the figures in a Tadema bathing-place as undressed women: they are beautiful arrangements of form and colour, and as much a part of the furniture of the bath as the marble seats and steps and basins, and the marble steps are about as likely to arouse unseemly thoughts in the mind of the ordinary person as the figures.

At least, however, we may acquit the Glasgow Constable of the lowest form of cant. The depth of prurieny is surely reached in the idea, now decaying, that it is improper to take girls to a gallery where there are studies of the nude female form. If it were the male form that the British matron shielded her flock from observing, one might, perhaps, find an excuse for her; but, as matters stand, the young girl is exactly the person to whom the female nude is necessarily known, frequently familiar, and always destitute of objectionable suggestion. It may be dangerous to a young man of shaky morals (though I rather doubt even that) to look on a Roman bather or a Greek nymph; but why should it hurt a "jeune Miss" to see on a gallery wall, possibly, the precise picture that her own cheval-glass reflected that very morning at the time of the traditional tub?

The formula is comparatively simple in each case, and is easily applied by the most ignorant—indeed, the more ignorant you are, the more easy it is to be humorous, for you have to affect ignorance if you do not possess that qualification. For instance, Mark Twain's ridicule of the feudal system was not particularly funny, but it would have been far less funny had the great humourist possessed a glimmering of a notion as to what the feudal system really was like. And the lack of descriptive ability is also a precious qualification, for it makes joking so easy. You have only to mention two facts and leave the link between them untold, or begin a story and not end it, and your humour is complete. The recipe is one that might be applied with advantage to other departments of literature. For instance, a three-volume novel would consist of a first and a third volume, the second being where the Cambridge Second Trinity Rowing Club was till just lately.

I must say that, on purely æsthetic grounds, I regret the reappearance of the Second Trinity Club on the Cambridge main drain. That Trinity College should have three boat clubs seemed appropriate; but that one of these should not exist, and that this one should be, not the Third, but the Second, was one of those delightful anomalies which render English life the despair of the intelligent foreigner and of the philosophical Radical—if any distinction need be drawn between these two classes.

Our own reformers and Radicals are constantly clamouring for the removal of all anomalies, and the reduction of everything to one logical level. They do not see that these anomalies are, in many cases, of the essence of English ways—that England, scientifically organised, would be merely a member in the convict prison of the world.—MARMITON.

BADMINTON ECHOES.

BY "BUGLE."

As it seems not unlikely that recent writing on the vast variety of sport to be had in Russia may induce many English sportsmen to travel thither in the hope of killing "everything," it may be doing a kindness if, as one who has himself shot in Russia, I call attention to one or two points which may possibly be overlooked. First, as to distances. It is perfectly true to say that Russia, probably, of all European countries, offers the greatest variety of sport, that in this one country you may kill lions, tigers, brown bears, lynxes, reindeer, polar bears, and so on—all this is true enough. But remember the map is one thing, the country is quite another. Nothing to the casual inquirer is more delusive than his atlas. It seems simple enough to skip from Moscow to the Urals, from the Urals to the Persian frontier, only you've got to do it. It is much the same thing as combining shooting grouse in Perthshire with Canadian moose and Florida tarpon-fishing. That is all I want to say: just measure up your distances, and think them out. Now as to guns. I quite agree with those who recommend a 12-bore, which will fire ball, as the best all-round weapon; but I should also take a Morris-tube for smaller quarry. I don't think that such extreme precautions need be taken for evading the duty—that is, sending guns over surreptitiously—as I see are recommended. Some travellers always manage to get into difficulties. My experience is that if you treat the Customs interpreter kindly all will be well. They charged me nothing. The little leaden prohibitive seal, which they so arranged that I could use the weapon in spite of it, is still on my gun!

*The Björling
Relief Party.*

Referring to what I wrote last week on the sporting aspect of this question, I have one more word to say. From an announcement in the papers, it seems to have been decided in Sweden to send out two men on separate tacks to look for the lost explorers. Now, I do not hesitate to say that one of these men has little, if any, chance of getting to his destination. He, it is proposed, shall go to Dundee, and there engage with a whaling captain to take him to the Cary Islands, and on to Cape Clarence. But there are these difficulties in the way: first of all, there are no whalers at the present moment in Dundee; they left for their fishing grounds a month ago. Secondly, it is notorious that the Dundee men are very different from the men of Peterhead, in that they are exceedingly independent and difficult to influence. Why, what happened last year? The captain of the Aurora, although on the very spot, and having found poor Björling's letter, did not wait just that extra fortnight or do his best to find the missing men. At any rate, these men won't stop to look for musk oxen, and the Zoological Society's promised reward is still open. So my last word to adventurous sportsmen is "Full steam ahead."

*Fishing Up
v. Down Stream.*

This controversy is as old as the hills, but seems still as green as many of them. Why is it that fishing enthusiasts are always so dogmatic? They are; for real downright, unconvincible dogmatism commend me to your angler. The reasons for fishing up stream are two. You are out of sight of your fish, and you don't frighten all the rest, for fish lie with their heads up stream. This is clear enough, only you can't always do it. I don't believe half the people who keep writing and telling you to do it practise it themselves. The better a stream and the more rapid, the harder is it to work up stream. Everyone knows what is meant by the "cut" of the water. Well, that is the enemy with which you have to deal. Nothing is gained by softly dropping a lovely dry fly at the end of the straightest line just the right distance in front of a trout's nose, if the next moment the line is to be caught by the stream and the fly drowned. And, again, much depends upon where and how a given fish is lying. Fishing is, after all, much the same as any other game of skill, only more so than many, and he will catch most fish who fishes with his head. All the rules in the world won't help you if you don't know thoroughly the varying ways of fish and how to adapt your efforts to them. The mechanical shot at rocketing pheasants may have complete success; the mechanical fisherman may take one out of five, and that is about as far as he will get.

*In St James's
Park.*

A remarkable example of the rapid growth of water-weeds is to be found in St. James's Park, London. Three years ago, if I am not mistaken, the water was run off, and the whole of the cemented bottom (except just in the cormorants' corner) scraped and cleaned. It lay perfectly dry, it was frozen hard, and yet now the whole of the pond is floored again with a thick growth of weed. This weed is a source of unfailing interest to the waterfowl. When they don't eat it, they pull it up and play with it. The dabchicks, who have come again to nest this year, have a fine time, chasing the gudgeon about in this weed. Occasionally, in the early morning, they come and fish close to the path, just by the boat-barrier, on to which they scramble to rest. For a long time together they simply dive for weed, but every now and then they go about in full chase after something or some things, which I presume are gudgeon. The red-crested pochard may be seen any evening by the bridge, feeding his mate on weed. He is a most self-denying and gallant bird. He eats nothing himself, but dives for her unweariedly, tugging up each time a fine lot of weed and spreading it before her. The little tufted ducks hunt the weed for caddises and freshwater shrimps; and, indeed, without this green growth St. James's waterfowl would lose all joy of life. You should go and see; but perhaps you have been.

MISS LETTY LIND AND HER SISTERS.



Photo by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

MISS LETTY LIND AS A BILLIARD BALL IN "MISS ESMERALDA."



Photo by Hills and Saunders, Sloane Street, S.W.

MISS MILLIE HYLTON IN "DON JUAN."



Photo by Karoly, Birmingham.

MISS LYDIA RUDGE AS DAISYBEL IN "FLORIKINS."



Photo by Hills and Saunders, Sloane Street, S.W.

MISS ADELAIDE ASTOR AS SARAH ANNE IN "GO-BANG."

MISS LETTY LIND AND HER SISTERS.

Antagonistic in many directions, the Church and the Stage—or, rather, particular types of each—have, at least, one point in common. If they do not believe in the universal sisterhood of woman, they are prone to class as “sisters” young ladies who are unable to claim blood relationship as the basis of the title. The Roman Catholic Church has long been proud of those feminine devotees who, joining it as sisters, spend their lives in easing the cares of humanity. The music-hall is crowded



Photo by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

MISS LETTY LIND AS CINDER-ELLEN.

with young ladies who, performing the same function in a different way, adopt a similar title. The “legitimate” stage, however, reverses the process, for it seems to make a point of calling persons of the same family by different names. Miss Letty Lind and her sisters form a typical example. The family patronymic is Rudge. In obedience to that curious craze in the theatrical world for a professional name—which made, for example, Dr. Arthur James become Mr. Arthur Daere, and the late Mr. David Belasco figure as Mr. David James—she has elected to be known in stageland as Miss Letty Lind. When her sisters joined her profession, however, they did not adopt her name, as they probably would have done in the music-hall world. Every one of them has chosen a different name. There are no fewer than four of Miss Lind’s family, including herself, now on the stage, as follow—

STAGE NAME.		REAL NAME.
Letty Lind	...	Letitia Elizabeth Rudge.
Millie Hylton	...	Sarah Frances Louise Rudge.
Adelaide Astor	...	Elizabeth Gertrude Rudge, and Lydia Agnes Rudge.

The appearance on the stage of the last-named lady, who is the youngest of the quartette, and who sticks for the present to her real name, affords an opportunity of recalling the chief points in the career of this entertaining group of sisters. It may be said at this point that there is yet another sister, Miss Fanny Rudge. She is still at school, but even there she is known by her playmates as Fanny Dangle.

Miss Letty Lind, who is at present charming playgoers at the Trafalgar Theatre with her lively impersonation of the dancer, Di Dalrymple, in “Go-Bang,” made her stage *début* at a very early age. She was just four when she appeared, as all her sisters have done, in Birmingham—from the neighbourhood of which the family hail—as Eva, in a burlesque version of “Uncle Tom’s Cabin.” When she was ten she toured with a company which gave a sort of German Reed entertainment. At fifteen she became an understudy in Mr. Charles Wyndham’s production of “Betsy,” and she subsequently appeared in the provinces in three of Mr. Buchanan’s plays. She was afterwards Tina in “My Sweetheart,” making her first appearance in London at the Avenue Theatre under Miss Violet Melnotte. It was in “Monte Cristo” that

she became a Gaiety girl, and remained there—with one or two intermissions, including an engagement in the Drury Lane pantomime of 1887-8—until over a year ago, when she migrated to the Shaftesbury Theatre in “Morocco Bound.” It is scarcely needful to say that as a dancer she has no rival in London, and she quite excelled herself, both in song and dance, in “Go-Bang.”

Miss Millie Hylton, though she gained her reputation in the music-halls, made her first appearance in a pantomime at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, when she played the Minute of the Clock in the character of a page-boy. From that time to the present she has only once appeared on the stage in feminine attire, the occasion being when she sang “Ma Jeannette.” It was not until some years after the minute-hand mimicry that Miss Hylton was again seen before the footlights, taking part in a Liverpool pantomime. She made such a hit that Mr. George Edwardes gave her a three years’ engagement at the Gaiety Theatre, when she opened in the part of Captain of the Hussars in “Monte Cristo,” that being, as noted, the burlesque in which her elder sister made her first acquaintance with the same public. The part did not give her much scope, and she asked to be relieved. Then she turned to the halls, and stuck to them almost exclusively, with the exception of pantomime engagements, until last year, when she returned to the Gaiety as Lord Clanside in “In Town,” and latterly in the title-part of “Don Juan.” Only the other week Miss Hylton was married to Mr. Harry Clulow Sim, “a young gentleman of means and position.”

Miss Adelaide Astor has found her chance in “Go-Bang,” where she plays the part of a handsome housemaid, the “Sairey Anne” dear to the heart of the greengrocer, Mr. Jenkins (Mr. Harry Grattan), who is exhibited in our series of photographs as flirting with Miss Letty Lind on a moon. Miss Astor on the second night of the burlesque, it may be remembered, suddenly had to take her sister’s part, and acquitted herself admirably. A Birmingham pantomime gave her her first stage start, and then, on the follow-your-sister principle, she migrated to the Gaiety, where she stayed for rather more than two years. She fulfilled an engagement at Collins’s Music-hall, Islington, under the name of Cissy Lind, and, after a short trip to America, came back to get a part in “Go-Bang.” Miss Astor is just in her twentieth year, and there is no reason why she should not in time become as well known as her eldersisters.



Photo by Hills and Saunders, Sloane Street, S.W.

MISS MILLIE HYLTON IN “DON JUAN.”

Miss Lydia Agnes Rudge, the latest recruit from the Lind family, is likely to be seen in London at no distant date. At school she early showed marked ability in singing and dancing, and in a little play, called “Florikins,” she made a hit in the principal part of Daisybel. And speaking of Daisybel almost insists on a reference to the sisters as the “Rudge cycle.” Some manager may yet group them in the same piece, appropriately, of course, in a *pas de quatre*.

MISS LETTY LIND AND MR. HARRY GRATTAN IN "GO-BANG,"
AT THE TRAFALGAR THEATRE.

From Photographs by Messrs. Hills and Saunders, Sloane Street, S.W.



BALLADE OF TWINKLING FEET.

(A Respectful Enthusiasm.)

When day is done and night is nigh,
 Delightful then a cup of tea,
 Dear to the daughter's eager eye
 The famous *Wanderjahre* key;
 Sweet to the bride of high degree
 The queenly shawl from shores of Ind;
 But sweeter, dearer far to me
 The twinkling feet of Letty Lind.

Miss Lind? Oh, no! Pray tell me why
 I should not with the "Miss" make free?
I miss her when she says "Good-bye,"
 This fair and most expressive she.
 A monster green is jealousy:
Peccavi—that is, I have sinned—
 Since I have often longed to be
 The twinkling feet of Letty Lind.

When Letty charms us now as Di,
 Our hearts each night go bang, and we
 All praise her dancing up sky-high.
 Maybe, some most admiring he
 Throws a bouquet, which cunningly
 Contains his card, to show he's pinned
 His faith to *suaviter in re*—
 The twinkling feet of Letty Lind.

L'ENVOI.

Prince, though you lack the £ s. d.,
 Contrive somehow to raise the wind,
 Together let us go and see
 The twinkling feet of Letty Lind.

L. E. C.



Photo by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

MISS LETTY LIND AS A BRITISH PEER IN "MOROCCO BOUND."



MISS LETTY LIND IN "MOROCCO BOUND."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

THE ART OF THE DAY.



MRS. DAVID LITTLE.—FROM A PORTRAIT BY W. B. RICHMOND, A.R.A.

Photo by the Cameron Studio, Mortimer Street, W.

REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF MR. DAVID LITTLE, MANCHESTER.



NIMROD'S FAVOURITES.—A. W. STRUTT.

Exhibited at the Gallery of the Royal Society of British Artists.

Another addition to the sculpture which commemorates at Euston Station various famous workers in the railway world has just been made by the placing of a marble bust of the late Sir George Findlay in the board-room of the London and North-Western Railway Company.

Mr. George A. Lawson has succeeded admirably in portraying the features of Sir George Findlay, and the bust is worthy of the subject and the sculptor. At the present time Mr. Lawson is busily engaged on the classical frieze for the Town Hall at Bath.

Until Mr. Biscombe Gardner had finished his difficult task of reproducing by wood engraving Mr. G. F. Watts's portrait of Mr. George Meredith, the only portrait of that popular novelist within reach of the public was the photograph by Mr. Hollyer, reproduced by us last Christmas. Without in any way depreciating the photograph, which for some has special attractions, it is not extravagant to say that Mr. Watts's likeness is far more characteristic. It conveys a more complete idea of the original, of his many-sidedness, his variety, and his humour. Among the many portraits of the celebrities of his day which, it is understood, Mr. Watts intends to bequeath to the nation, this portrait of Mr. George Meredith will, we think, rank among the more successful. This is, perhaps, the more surprising, as many would suppose that between the sitter and the artist there was less intellectual sympathy than in many other cases where Mr. Watts has devoted his talents. Mr. Meredith's position among modern novelists is so unique, and he has reached his present position by a so little used route, that it was worth Mr. Watts's while to fathom and reveal to the world the secret of his sitter's success. Every one of those qualities by which Mr. Meredith has won renown can be traced in his expressive face: keenness of perception, vivacity of thought, brilliancy of retort may be seen in the lines and features of Mr. Watts's portrait. Some will, perhaps, look also for signs of

that tenacity of purpose which sustained him through the long years when his work appealed only to a chosen few: but, possibly, others will find in the face evidence of self-confidence and self-reliance sufficient to encourage him on his way *per aspera ad ardua* of literary fame.



A SPRING MORNING.—LOUISE ABBEMA.

EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.

The Academy banquet brought out no particular point of interest in the various speeches. Lord Rosebery was so frankly in a chaffing mood that his suggestions as to costume can, we fear, never be taken very seriously. And yet it might be worth the while of the modern Englishman to consider that his costume is the least artistic of any which the generations of the world have seen. But the Englishman may think this thing, and may have thought it any time these twenty years, without the smallest chance of his seriously taking the subject in any practical spirit. He is far too undemonstrative to dream of putting on exceptional clothes, even though ninety-nine of his fellow-countrymen should promise to join him. He would be sure to turn tail at the last moment, for fear that his colleagues might desert him.

We might urge many very pretty reasons for the reasonableness of a change in the modern fashion of dress; but the pretty reasons are so obvious and will commend themselves



THE LAST STRUGGLE.—THE LATE A. V. PONCY.

Exhibited in the Collection of "Big Game of America," at the Burlington Gallery, Old Bond Street.



GOSSIPS, BLEWBURY.—BLANDFORD FLETCHER.

Exhibited at Messrs. Tooth's Gallery, Haymarket.

so visibly, without any explanation, to the average artistic mind that we may leave them unexplained. It still remains that we ease our legs in ugly tubes, that we take no care to adorn our wrists with soft effects—the only really interesting contrast possible to man—that our coats are square, our shirts stiff and misshapen, and our hats a derision. These facts may finally fill up the measure of even English emotion, and persuade us to a change; but we do not think Lord Rosebery quite meant all that.

The following pictures, exhibited at the Salon des Champs Elysées, have been bought by the Société des Amis des Arts: "Coquetterie," by M. Signol; "Sur la Seine," by M. Vauthier; "Roses et Pensées," by Madame de Villebesseyx; "L'Heure du Dîner," by M. Caraud; "Fleurs d'Automne," by M. Bourgogne; "Souvenir d'Été," by M. Bramtot; "Bouzareah," by M. Tanzi; "La Messe," by M. Brissot; "Visite à Bord de l'Empereur Nicolas I.," by M. Dameron; "Retour du Moulin," by M. Sala, and a still life by M. Decroix.

M. Aimé Morot, one of the greatest of French artists in many people's estimation, exhibits a wonderfully clever portrait of

M. Gérôme, the well-known artist. M. Munkacsy's "Récit" is very disappointing and inartistic; it represents a group of ladies and gentlemen dressed in ancient costumes and in attitudes quite painfully theatrical and unreal. M. Bonnat contributes a most successful portrait of the Prince of Monaco. M. Fremiet's statue of Meissonier is lifelike and real in the extreme. M. Hector Lemaire's monument for the tomb of Princesse Marie, daughter of King Louis Philippe, which is to be placed in the chapel at Dreux, does the sculptor great credit.

At the Salon du Champ de Mars are to be seen several very fine works, but the exhibition falls far short of the Salon des Champs Elysées. Mr. Whistler is represented by no less than seven canvases, the best of which undoubtedly is that of the portrait of Comte Robert de Montesquiou-Fézensac, treated in the very simplest way, but catching exactly the resemblance and expression of the poet, whose beautiful poems caused such a sensation when published recently. M. René Billotte sends an Albanian landscape, forsaking his clever Paris scenes this year for the first time. M. Dannat is still painting those half impressionist, wholly realistic Spanish types to which he is so devoted, and sends eight canvases. M. Carolus Duran's portraits are, as usual, superb.



THE SHOWMAN'S CHILDREN.—HARLAMOFF.

Exhibited at McLean's Gallery, Haymarket.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



GENT : " I say, 'Arry, which is the way to Hampstead ? "

'ARRY : " Who told yer my name was 'Arry ? "

GENT : " I guessed it. "

'ARRY : " Well, you can guess the way to 'Ampstead. "

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VILLAGE UMPIRE (to Bowler): "'Ere, we mun 'av a new rule for yon chap. If tha 'its 'im e front, it's leg afore, and if tha 'its 'im behind, it's a wide."

A SPLENDID RECORD.

MRS. DION BOUCICAULT.

There are many still among us who can remember the delightful house, overlooking Langham Place, in which Mr. and Mrs. Dion Boucicault received their friends every Sunday evening during the sixties and seventies. Those who have now become honoured legendary figures were then in the full vigour of life, and these weekly gatherings were the most unique literary and dramatic entertainments in London. Those in whose memories the figure of their beautiful hostess has remained as a lovely vision must have been glad to hear of her reappearance on the boards of the old theatre where both she and her husband enjoyed some of their greatest triumphs—the one as actress, the other as dramatist and actor.

Mrs. Dion Boucicault (writes a representative of *The Sketch*) has certainly learnt the art of growing old gracefully. Her delicate complexion, bright dark eyes, and masses of silvery hair give rather the impression of a young actress attempting a middle-aged rôle than that of a lady naturally cast for the part Mrs. Boucicault is now taking at the Adelphi Theatre.

As I made my way up to her dressing-room, it seemed hard to realise that the old corridors and old-fashioned wooden staircase had once resounded to the light steps and merry voice of Miss Agnes Robertson, the young Scotch actress who once held the town, and for whom both the Queen and the Prince Consort were understood to have so marked a predilection. But even Stageland has since altered out of all recognition, and perhaps Mrs. Dion Boucicault herself is the least changed among the survivals of those old days.

"Yes; I am a Scotchwoman," said my hostess. "I was born in Edinburgh, and made my *début* at the age of ten in Aberdeen, not on the stage, but in a concert room, for as a child I had a remarkable voice, and my master, the well-known Alexander Lee, treated me somewhat as an infant prodigy. When I was fourteen I played the part of Lucy Bertram in 'Guy Mannerling,' I place Miss Cushman," continued Mrs. Dion Boucicault, quietly, "among the three great geniuses I have seen, the others being Salvini and Rachel. I shall never forget Miss Cushman's performance of Meg Merrilies; she was so wonderful in the dying scene that I entirely forgot my part, and could only gaze, fascinated."

"And what led to your coming to London?"

"I joined Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean's company, and made my London *début* at the Princess's in 'The Wife's Secret.'"

"I suppose that your greatest part remained that of the Colleen Bawn?"

"Yes," she replied. "'The Colleen Bawn' was written in '59, and was so successful that we made up our minds to produce it in London, which we did on Sept. 10, 1860. Some idea of the popularity of the play may be given you by the statement that it ran for two years, and this, you must remember, in days when a long run was almost unknown."

"May I ask you, Mrs. Boucicault, if you approve of long runs, from an artistic point of view?"

She shook her head, smiling. "Certainly not. I consider that a long run must have very disastrous effects on any young actors and actresses—all style is bound to go, and bad mannerisms become accentuated. And yet a long run is a necessity in these modern days, when the public require so much. I remember the time when two thousand was considered a phenomenal sum to spend on the mounting of one piece; now people think nothing of five, seven, and even ten thousand pounds! Mr. Kean was the Irving of our day, and his 'King John,' in the production of which an attempt was made to secure historical accuracy in both the costumes and scenery, made a great sensation."

"I suppose that you share the approval, apparently felt by most veterans, for the training afforded by a stock company?"

"There is nothing like it," said Mrs. Boucicault. "In my young days every actor and actress went through a definite course of training. We went, so to speak, through a period of apprenticeship, which generally included a seven years' stay in the provinces, and a thorough tuition in every branch of our art. I learnt to fence from Angelo, followed a course of opera dancing, and played every sort of part, from Columbine to Lady Macbeth. It would be difficult to make the young folk of the present day even understand the composition of an old stock company. There was the leading lady, the walking gentleman, the heavy father, the juvenile lady, and the soubrette, or singing chambermaid. I do not consider any age too young to make a start, and to any girl who wishes to become a good actress I say, 'Get into some country theatre, learn to forget yourself, and to play everything—burlesque, comedy, farce, tragedy, and the classical and modern drama.' A good stage-manager is the best of elocution masters. There is a fancy nowadays that it is a good thing to begin as understudy. I think this is a mistake, for, though it gives the young actress an opportunity, circumstances forbid her availing herself of it—the more so as she is generally only given the chance of taking part in two or three performances."

"And what do you think of the advanced school?"

"Although I recognise Ibsen's talent, I cannot say that I approve of or sympathise with the aims of those writers who wish to use the stage as a moral dissecting-room," replied Mrs. Boucicault, frankly.

"Neither do I think that such plays will ever have a permanent chance of success, for the public have never taken to the advanced school, and, so far as I can see, have no intention of doing so."

"What have been your own favourite parts?"

"Perhaps Jeanie Deans, the Octoroon, and Arrah-na-Pogue. A curious thing occurred in connection with this latter play. It was produced for the first time in London at the Princess's Theatre on the night of the Fenian explosion at Clerkenwell. And I will tell you something even stranger about another of my husband's plays: the first performance of 'The Octoroon' in New York took place on the night John Brown was hanged!"

"You must have had many thrilling experiences?"

"Yes, indeed, and perhaps the most thrilling was connected with this play of 'The Octoroon.' As you may easily imagine, party feeling ran very high in America. The principal scene of the play is that in which Zoe, the Octoroon, is sold by public auction in the slave market. I was solemnly warned that if I attempted to play this scene I should be shot as I stood on the table to be sold."

I confess I did feel rather nervous, for I was clad in a long white gown, and so, of course, a mark for every eye. The play was an enormous success when produced at the Adelphi, but the public could not bear the story to end sadly, and in compliance with their wishes my husband wrote another act, in which occurred the famous cane-brake (swamp) scene. Ah! those were stirring times," concluded Mrs. Dion Boucicault, with a half sigh, half smile.



MRS. BOUCICAULT.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

Stamp collectors will be pleased with the latest issue of Fiji stamps, whose design is certainly a vast improvement on the former adhesives. They have been designed by Mr. Walker, the Colonial Postmaster, on which a pretty little landscape replaces the "V.R.," which was all the adornment of the former postage-stamps. These new Fiji stamps rejoice in a native paddling his own canoe, in cocoa-nut trees, and in a rising sun, and the "V.R.," formerly the *pièce de résistance*, takes a comparatively back seat. The design is symbolical: the rays of the rising sun and the native in his well-built canoe signify the progress from savage life towards civilisation, while the "V.R." shows that the designer does not forget that they live in far Fiji under the beneficent rule of Queen Victoria. A huge postage-stamp, nearly two inches square, value sixpence, of a deep orange colour, was specially designed and used at the time of one of the great native Cake Fairs held some years ago.

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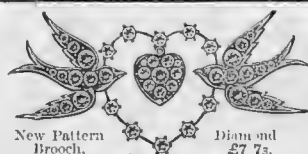
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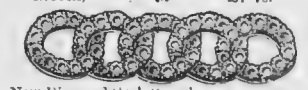
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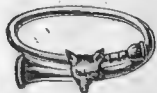
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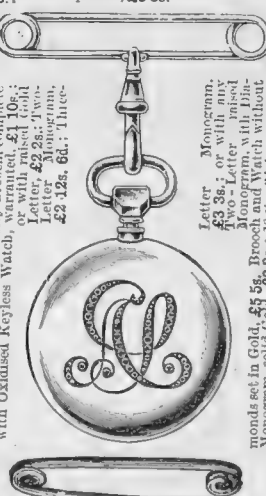
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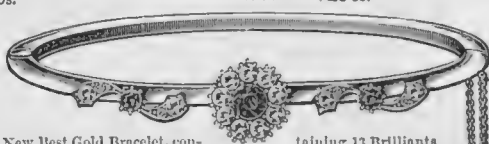
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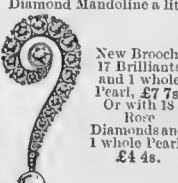
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invest 2s. 6d. in a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil his Neuralgia would leave him at once, for St. Jacobs Oil cures Neuralgia instantly; it never fails.

Mrs. D. COAST, of Grove Cottage, Sandway, Maidstone, Kent Co., says: "The second bottle of St. Jacobs Oil has cured me of neuralgia of two years' standing."

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L. A. COWAR, Chemist, of Church Street, Medhurst, says: "I had an opportunity a few days ago of seeing St. Jacobs Oil used in a case of facial neuralgia, and I must say the effect was instantaneous, the pain entirely disappearing in a few minutes."

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Mr. T. BANN, 45, Stonehill Street, Anfield, Liverpool, says: "I have tried St. Jacobs Oil for neuralgia, and the pain left me after one rubbing."

JAS. MCKENZIE, corporal Royal Engineers, Chatham, was nearly crazy with neuralgia in his face and head. St. Jacobs Oil was applied, and the pain ceased at once as if by magic.

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JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS OF TO-DAY.

XIX.—SIR WILLIAM CHRISTOPHER LENG AND THE
"SHEFFIELD DAILY TELEGRAPH."

When the romance of journalism is written a very large chapter will have to be devoted to Sir William Christopher Leng, the editor and proprietor of the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*. Although there are probably thousands who never heard his name, Sir William Leng belongs to that noble army



Photo by A. and G. Taylor, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

SIR W. C. LENG.

of fearless British reformers who have helped to purify and strengthen commercial life. Like all reformers, he suffered obloquy and violence for the sake of his cause, but his dogged determination and painstaking pugnacity broke down all the barriers in the path of reform.

There are two Lengs in the journalistic world, and both have been knighted for their services to journalism and the State. One is Sir William Leng, the subject of this notice, and the other is Sir John Leng, of the *Dundee Advertiser*. They are inspiring examples of what pluck and perseverance can accomplish. Born of comparatively humble parents, they have touched the summit of success by sheer industry. Sir William Leng started life as a chemist, and displayed such a remarkable aptitude for the work that at twenty-two years of age he became the owner of a flourishing concern. All his chemical knowledge, however, could suggest no antidote for the *cacoethes scribendi* which assailed him in his leisure moments. The malady overpowered him, and he began to write anonymous articles for the local papers. He wrote neither for reputation nor remuneration, but was destined to obtain both. His contributions to newspaper literature came under the eyes of his brother John, who had started a newspaper in Dundee, and he pressed his brother to throw up chemistry for journalism. He did so, and became a leader-writer and reviewer on the *Dundee Advertiser*, and a warm friend of George Gilfillan, the Scotch essayist and critic. At thirty-nine years of age Sir William Leng joined a friend in purchasing the *Sheffield Telegraph*, in which journal his constitutional combativeness found ample scope.

Now we touch upon Sir William Leng's contributions to reform. Thirty years ago Sheffield was the centre of a British Vehmgericht, which has had no parallel among the organisations of industry. It was the stronghold of the notorious Broadhead, the instigator of the murderous trade outrages which paralysed the commerce of England. The trade of Sheffield was actually dependent on the caprice of an autocratic artisan, who snapped his fingers at law and order. If a manufacturer quarrelled with his workmen, Broadhead issued his edict and men went forth to destroy his machinery and burn down his factory. To this despot of industry working-men had to prostrate themselves before they dared to accept employment, and even employers were afraid to enlist the services of men unless specially authorised by him. He kept the supply of labour short of the demand, and obliged the workers to

contribute to the support of those whom he kept in enforced idleness. He did this by means of a horde of assassins, who shot down without mercy men who disobeyed his commands.

Such was the condition of Sheffield trade when Sir William Leng went to the hardware town. His soul revolted against the despotism of this Czar of commerce, and he resolved to destroy his deadly prestige. Broadhead sneered as this journalistic Sir Galahad entered the lists against him. He had then killed one newspaper, and he was confident that he could annihilate another. He was unprepared, however, for such a broadside as the *Telegraph* belched forth. He recoiled, became alarmed, and then tried to silence his intrepid antagonist. Every day Sir William Leng hurled his journalistic javelins into the camp, and every day his life was threatened for his temerity. He wrote his leaders with a pistol by his side, and walked through the streets at night with his finger on the trigger of a revolver. For weeks he carried his life in his hands. The ruthless arbiters of labour had resolved to crush him, and when a Royal Commission was obtained Sir William Leng had to sit in open court between two policemen for fear that he should be assaulted. The result of that Commission was a signal triumph for the journalist. The manufacturers and others who had suffered from the tyranny of Broadhead subscribed 600 guineas and presented them to the daring editor, and a grateful Government rewarded him for his services by the honour of knighthood.

From that time the *Sheffield Telegraph* and its courageous owner grew in the estimation of the inhabitants. The Conservative cause is indebted to him for much of its progress and for many of its triumphs. Lord Salisbury has publicly testified to his eminent services in this respect, and the Carlton Club endorsed his opinion by bestowing upon Sir William Leng the greatest honour in its power—his election as an honorary member of that famous institution.

THE OLDEST FREEMASON.

Dr. Salmon, of Penllyn Court, Cowbridge, South Wales, is the oldest doctor and Freemason in the kingdom. He attained last month the ripe age of 104 years. He joined the "mystic Masons" over eighty years ago, and he is the *doyen* of that body as well as the Royal College of Surgeons. Although he has lived in Wales for the greater part of his



DR. SALMON.

long life, Dr. Salmon is a native of Wickham Market, Suffolk. He has been a justice of the peace for the Cowbridge Petty Sessional division for forty-six years, and he is also a deputy-lieutenant for Glamorgan. Within two miles of Dr. Salmon's residence there is a lady who was born the day after Dr. Salmon, and who is, consequently, also in the 104th year of her age.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

Through the kindness of Mr. John Gould and several other English residents in Brussels, Mr. E. L. D. Dewdney was enabled recently to take out an Association eleven composed chiefly of old public school men. Matches were played v. Brussels Football Association, the first match being won by the visitors by 5 goals to nil, and the return by 4 to nil; v. Bruges, won by 6 goals to nil; v. Liège, won by 4 goals to 1; and two matches v. M. Bassompierre's Brussels eleven, the first being won by 3 goals to nil and the return by 10 goals to 2. Thus the visitors won all their matches, and scored 32 goals against 3. They were liberally entertained at Ghent, Bruges, Liège, and Brussels,

not at full strength. Gunn, Shrewsbury, Sherwin, and Barnes were all absent from the Midland team, but Surrey had up their full complement of fighting men.

When Warwickshire, on an excellent wicket, ran up a total of 242 no one expressed any great surprise, and bets were freely taken by the knowing ones that Surrey would pass that total in one attempt. Would it be believed that Surrey's total on a splendid wicket fell short of the three figures by two runs? No doubt, Whitehead, who had been very successful at Nottingham, again bowled remarkably well at the Oval, where he obtained eight wickets for 49, but that does not explain the Surrey collapse. Indeed, nothing will explain it except bad bowling

W. T. Barwell. D. P. Winckworth.

H. W. Gates.

J. O. Gould.

A. H. Ahrens.

E. A. Gates.



G. O. Shattock.

G. H. Merriman.

E. L. D. Dewdney, Captain.

C. F. Rivaz.

F. R. Barwell.

A. B. M. Dallas.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS FOOTBALL TEAM IN BELGIUM.

several dances being given in their honour, and, altogether, a most enjoyable time was spent. The following were the team: G. H. Merriman (Old Carthusians), goal; E. L. D. Dewdney (captain) and C. F. Rivaz (Old Westminsterers), backs; H. W. Gates, G. O. Shattock (Old Westminsterers), and J. O. Gould (Sherborne), half-backs; A. H. Ahrens (King's College Hospital) and W. T. Barwell (Old Westminsterers), left; F. R. Barwell (Old Carthusians), centre; E. A. Gates and D. P. Winckworth (Old Westminsterers), right. Referee, A. B. M. Dallas (Old Harrovians).

CRICKET.

Is not the distinction between first- and second-class counties becoming more and more absurd? It is true that the gentlemen of the M.C.C. have promised to consider the whole matter of county classification, and it is to be hoped that they will report upon it before the Greek Kalends. Meanwhile, one of the second-class counties—Warwickshire, to wit—just to drive home the argument that they are as good as their first-class neighbours, have gone and administered a sound thrashing to two of the ex-champion counties—Notts and Surrey.

The Warwickshire men defeated Notts by six wickets, and, just to go one better, smashed Surrey by seven. The Surrey defeat was a pitious tale indeed, for they did not even have the excuse of Notts that they were

or funk. For a time Surrey fared even worse at the second attempt, for half of their wickets were down for 43 runs. Just as everyone was making up his mind that Surrey were to suffer a single-innings defeat, K. J. Key came along with a heart for any fate, and, by dint of pluck and good batting, saved his county from the disgrace of a single-innings defeat. Key's score was 60, while Brockwell, with 49 (not out), certainly helped Surrey over the stile.

In the past I have been rather fond of Surrey cricket, because of its liveliness and pluck. I am now beginning to be somewhat suspicious of the latter quality. There are, it appears to me, at least half-a-dozen batsmen in the eleven that go in with their hearts in their boots. This sort of thing will never do if the championship is to be regained.

Has anyone noticed how Abel has altered his style of batting these last two seasons? At one time he was slow—very slow, but sure. Now he is a fast run-getter, but, I regret to say it, anything but sure, although he has started the season in very fair form.

J. E. Hill, the century hero of the Notts match, showed very fair form for his 36 against Surrey; but the batting hero of the day was W. G. Quaife, the despised and rejected of Sussex. I am told the seaside county refused his services because he was too small. He is a little 'un; but he is a cricketer, every inch of him. His 92 runs against

[Continued on page 153.]

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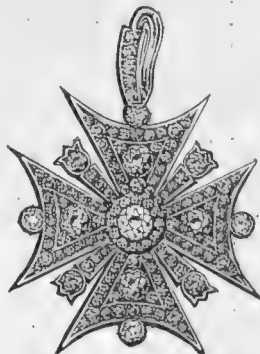


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AND THE
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OF HONOUR.

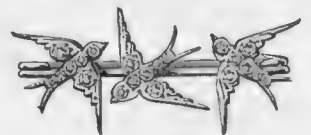


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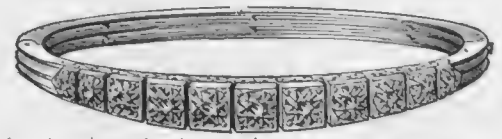


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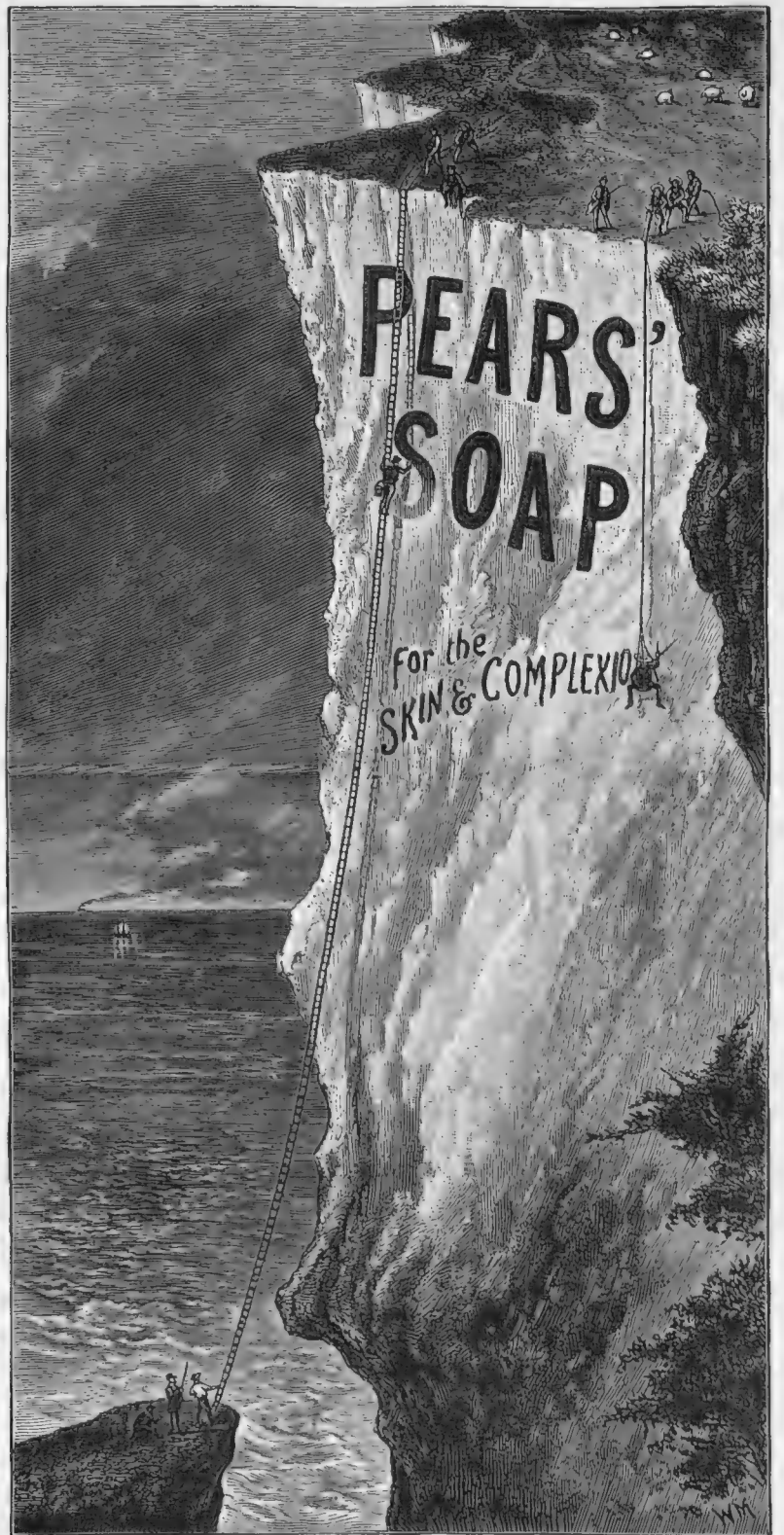
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BRANCHES AND AGENCIES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

A Miser's Hoard.

A correspondent thus describes his experiences: "I am anxious you should publish my case on account of the obstinacy and severity of the symptoms. For years I have been suffering fearfully from an inactive, sluggish liver, accompanied by dyspepsia and low spirits. I consulted some of the best physicians in England, and although all pronounced it the same, 'a torpid, inactive liver, accompanied by indigestion,' their treatment and remedies were alike unavailing; I positively spent £185 in doctors' bills. You, Sirs, may not know the misery of taking bottle after bottle of doctors' physic, without the slightest relief from pain, or amelioration of one single symptom. I am thankful to say, however, that by the timely help of Guy's Tonic I was completely cured. I see around me thousands whose homes are made wretched and kept in a miserable state of poverty, because the bread-winner is either stretched on a bed of sickness, or a feeble constitution incapacitates him from all active mental or physical exertion. The entire mischief is due to the first symptoms of weakness and disease being neglected or mismanaged. I saw an advertisement of yours stating 'Improvement follows the first dose.' This I can say was truthfully so in my case; I had not taken the first dose of Guy's Tonic ten minutes before I felt its beneficial influence on the liver and digestive organs. The distressing despondency and nervousness disappeared as if by magic; the dull aching pain between the shoulders, constant headache, tenderness about the liver, flushing of the face after meals, drowsiness, giddiness, flatulency, and the other symptoms have not returned, and it is now eighteen months since my restoration took place. I strongly recommend it wherever I go; I tell all who suffer that one bottle of Guy's Tonic gave me more happiness than could be purchased with a Miser's Hoard, and if they want to be cured they should get it at once; if they wish to linger, go on spending their money in other things."

Guy's Tonic is sold by Chemists throughout the World.



Pears' Soap makes the Hands white and fair, the Complexion bright and clear, and the Skin soft and smooth as velvet.

"One of the most refreshing and agreeable of balms for the skin."

SIR ERASMUS WILSON, F.R.S.,
(Late President of the Royal College of Surgeons of England.)

"Matchless for the Hands and Complexion."

ADELINA PATTI.

Surrey was as good a performance as one might see in a season. His defence is extremely strong, and his hitting to leg a strong feature of his play. As a fieldman, he is quite as smart as Gregory, the Australian midget.

Companions in misfortune are Surrey and Notts. The Midlanders, at Lord's, playing against the M.C.C., also received their quietus by seven wickets. About the only redeeming feature of the Notts play was the 67 (not out) of Flowers in the first innings. In this match Martin obtained a wonderful analysis in each innings. At the first attempt he got five wickets for eight runs, and in all ten wickets for 30. It is quite evident that the Kentish bowler has regained all his old form, if not more.

Tall scoring is still the order of the day at Cambridge University. In the Seniors' match, J. J. Robinson's side scored 521. Of this total F. L. Crabtree knocked up 161 and J. A. Healing 104. There were plenty of half-centuries knocking about on either side, but in view of the larger scores these are hardly worth mentioning. Meanwhile, Oxford continues to show very moderate form indeed.

The South African cricketers have now had a good deal of practice on English turf, and will open their tour against Lord Sheffield's team at Sheffield Park next week. It is to be hoped that his Lordship will not set the Africanders too stiff a task. If, indeed, he could invite one or two men of the calibre of a certain Viscount, who once represented the home eleven, it would give our visitors half a chance. By-the-way, Frank Hearne—now an "African"—knocked up 111 (not out) against a team at Goddington the other day.

A number of good matches begin to-morrow. Derbyshire, continuing their southern tour, play a team of the M.C.C. at Lord's, while the Oval will resound to the battle of Surrey and Gloucestershire; W. G. will, of course, be the big attraction. Kent meet Lancashire at Manchester, where a splendid fight may favour the northerners. Sussex, at Brighton, should be well matched in meeting Somerset, and Leicestershire, at home, will try to beat the county champions. Next Monday, Kent are due at Lord's, Yorkshire will test the Light Blues at Cambridge, Somerset will perform the same duty for the Dark Blues at Oxford, and Notts will play their return with Warwickshire at Birmingham. A nice little programme, indeed!

GOLF.

All honour to the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour for winning the first prize at the Tooting Bec competition. He went round the course in 89, which, with his handicap of 13, gave him an easy win. No wonder her Majesty's Opposition are in such fine fettle and good spirits at present!

Some excellent scores were made at the Spring Meeting of the Royal and Ancient at St. Andrews. Muir Ferguson was credited with 79 for the course, which is equal to the best of old Tom Morris. F. G. Tait got round in 80.

AQUATICS.

One day last week I noticed a line on a newspaper bill, "Boat Accident on the Thames." On the same day I observed that Bubear, the sculler, beat Emmett over the championship course. The winner now challenges Tom Sullivan. Will he bite?

CYCLING.

After much shivering on the brink, a well-known London community of wheelmen, unable to resist strong financial temptations, have taken the professional plunge, and at Herne Hill, under the auspices of the Catford Club, eight paid representatives of England and France showed the public exactly how not to do it when they crawled at a funeral pace round the track which hitherto had been practically held sacred to amateur sportsmen. It is stale news to relate how England won the ten-mile international by 17 points to 19. I merely refer to the matter in order to point out how futile it is for the public to expect good sport under the new professional régime. Yet, on the other hand, it may be suggested that in pursuing such questionable tactics the professional is but fouling his own nest, and demonstrating by his own personal conduct that what financial managers would like to designate as "good racing" is nothing but a hollow sham. Harry Wheeler, the cash prize king of America, competed in the mile professional race, which, by-the-way, was carried off, together with the £15 reward, by T. James, a very clever rider from Cardiff. It is thought that illness was not the only cause that kept A. W. Harris out of the English team, the competing members of which won £40 as a reward for their professional success, while the Frenchmen pocketed £10. Starting prices will, in all probability, be a prominent feature in the cycling of the future.

I would like to remind my readers in good time of the Hospital Saturday Fund Sports, to be held on May 26 at Herne Hill. The racing will be chiefly confined to the cycle, and each event starts from the scratch mark. For the half-mile safety a magnificent fifty-guinea challenge cup is to be put up, presented by the Corporation of the City of London. There are also four athletic events, and the hospital folk expect to make this meeting one of the finest ever held under their jurisdiction.

OLYMPIAN.

The Great Western Railway Company have issued an attractive illustrated pamphlet containing information for American passengers travelling by their system between Liverpool and London. The railway passes through Chester, Shrewsbury, Stratford-on-Avon, Leamington, Oxford, and Windsor, and many other places specially interesting to Americans. The pamphlet may be obtained at the Company's London Receiving Offices.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

Several of the so-called amateur horse-watchers having freely expressed their opinion regarding the training of Ladas for the Guineas, it may not be out of place if I just put before them the "classic record" of Matthew Dawson. Although he is now seventy-five years of age, Mat's record does not date back so far as Alec Taylor's, the Manton seer having prepared Teddington for the Derby of 1851. It was in 1853 that Mat won the Oaks with the late Sir J. Wauchope's Catherine Hayes, who, ridden by Marlow, made short work of sixteen others.

Ten years elapsed before the Oaks again fell to a filly trained by Dawson. Then Lord Falmouth's Queen Bertha, a daughter of Kingston, sailed home in front of nineteen opponents. Mat's next Oaks winner was Spinaway, who, when carrying Lord Falmouth's first colours in 1875, proved too good for his Lordship's other representative, Ladylove, and five others. The centenary of the Oaks was 1878, and Lord Falmouth's Jannette easily turned the tables on Lord Lonsdale's Pilgrimage, who had won both the Two Thousand and One Thousand Guineas. In the following year Wheel of Fortune credited Lord Falmouth with the Garter of the Turf.

Mat's first Derby winner was Thormanby, who placed the Blue Riband of 1860 to Mr. Merry's credit, and also enabled that eccentric sportsman to win close on £90,000 in bets. During the next four years Mat ran second once and third twice. He parted company with Mr. Merry in 1866, and four years later we find him carrying off the big Epsom prize with Lord Falmouth's Kingcraft. In 1877 it was Silvio who did the trick. Harvester left his stable before he dead-heated with St. Gatien, but Melton was sent to the post in the pink of condition for the race of 1885.

Mat Dawson won the Two Thousand Guineas with Atlantic, Charibert, and Galliard. Six times has the One Thousand Guineas fallen to his share—namely, with Hurricane, Cecilia, Spinaway, Wheel of Fortune, Minthe, and Mimi; while his St. Leger record reads—1877, Silvio; 1878, Jannette; 1882, Dutch Oven; 1884, The Lambkin; 1885, Melton.

I am told the young plungers have had a bad time of late, and I am also informed that one or two big trainers are very hard up. Extravagant living may be the cause of the latter's position. It seems monstrous that trainers, who, after all, are not over-burdened with intelligence, should want to live at the rate of thousands a year when they are not actually earning hundreds. The trainer who lives beyond his means is not, as a rule, a good man at his work.

Tips for the Manchester Handicap are as plentiful as blackberries, and I am told the north-country sportsmen are divided in their opinions between Red Ensign and Dare Devil. The last-named ran well at Chester, but he may meet something at New Barns too good for him. If Aborigine is fit, I think Alec Taylor will win the prize; but I must admit that I should like to see Ancajano successful, as he belongs to a popular Manchester man, Mr. Bleackley.

Ascot will be a grand function this year, as several members of the Royal Family are to be present, and Lord Ribblesdale will, I am sure, have everything done that can be done for the comfort of his visitors. I believe Major Clements has vastly improved the course, which is likely to be well covered with herbage, and if the cattle and sheep are not allowed to graze on it too long the going should be very good indeed. If I were the Major, I should neither feed nor cut the grass on the race track, but do as is done at Plumpton, leave the grass to go to seed, with a view to the thickening of the herbage.

A day or two back I walked the Lingfield course, and was much pleased with the new straight mile, although it will take some keeping up, as the new-laid turf is on the waste. The Inauguration Meeting is likely to be a big success, and it may be that Lord Alington, who is related by marriage to the stakeholder, Mr. R. Leigh, will induce the Prince of Wales to be present. Lingfield is well situated, and, as I have many times before stated, this enclosure, if managed on liberal lines, should be a great success.

Very serious complaints are heard on all sides of the welshing that goes on in the cheap rings at some race meetings. It must be patent to those in authority that the half-crown division require quite as much—or more—protection as those who pay a sovereign per day to enter Tattersall's. I am, indeed, surprised that this matter has not been taken in hand by the Jockey Club long before now. We often see printed on the race-cards a warning to welshers, showing the pains and penalties; &c., but when has a welsher or ticket-snatcher ever been brought to justice by the officials of a racecourse?

The race crowd is made up of opposites. First we have the wealthy owner and rich bookmaker, who live on the fat of the land, eating and drinking of the best only, and oftentimes taking too much of that. Then picture the poor jockey, who is all the time getting off that two pounds which is against his riding the favourite; he starves himself, and never thinks of taking even a decent meal. Further notice that broken-down backer opposite, who is breakfasting at noon off a piece of fried fish and bread. But here comes in the joke: the broken-down backer and the jockey enjoy the very best of health, while the gorging bookmaker and the over-fed owner are seldom free from the gout!

LADIES' CLUBS IN LONDON.

A few particulars of the various ladies' clubs already existing seem to be *à propos* just now. Some ladies who come up to town with their husbands for the May meetings may be even now wondering which one they can join, but, alas, they know so little about any. A club in a central situation is often a more convenient place to invite friends for luncheon, tea, or dinner who, from lack of time, may be quite unable to go even as far as Kensington, to say nothing of Richmond and other suburbs. To women engaged in literary, artistic, or scientific pursuits not only do the same needs apply, but in many instances a club has brought together congenial spirits with a similar object in life, who, in consequence, have not only been of use to each other, but also to society. For my own part, I think ladies' clubs should be exactly on the same principle as the best gentlemen's clubs, if they are to succeed. A room for lectures, debates, entertainments, is no part of the *raison d'être* of a club, although if a room can well be spared, if it is kept wholly distinct, and no member is asked to attend the meetings, it may be useful. Artistic furniture, papers restful to the eye, comfortable chairs, plenty of papers and magazines, good cooking, good linen, glass, &c., and, I regret that it should be necessary to add, spotless cleanliness, are the desiderata of a club. Most of the clubs have bed-rooms, which members can occupy for a few days or a week, at a charge of from three to four shillings per night. For a trifling sum members can engage bed-rooms to dress for the theatre. Adjoining many of the clubs are excellent lodgings where bed-rooms can be had very reasonably. Some clubs are started in order that the proprietor may make money out of them. Most people would prefer one started for the convenience and comfort of the members. It is not always the best clubs that start with a string of well-known names, though they give it a certain *cachet*. The subscriptions vary from five guineas to ten shillings, and the same for entrance, except for original members.

THE ALBEMARLE CLUB,

in Albemarle Street, Piccadilly. Five guineas. This is a most delightful club, possibly because it is for gentlemen as well as ladies. The arrangements are more like a first-rate club for men. A very large drawing-room, with luxuriously comfortable chairs, a dining-room, with small tables for four, six, or eight, where members invite friends, a library, a writing-room, a ladies' sitting-room, dressing-rooms, &c. A well-cooked dinner of five courses costs three-and-sixpence. There are 800 members.

THE ALEXANDRA CLUB,

12, Grosvenor Street, Bond Street, is distinctly a club for ladies, for "under no circumstances can gentlemen be admitted to the club-rooms." There is not even the exception of an "At Home" day, yet 900 ladies in ten years have joined, and, therefore, been willing to acquiesce in this stringent rule. The financial position of the club is vested in six ladies, who undertake all liabilities and publish accounts annually, showing that all payments are disposed of entirely for the maintenance of the club. Lady Vincent is President of the Finance Committee, Lady Knightley of Fawsley of the General Committee. There are good dining-rooms and drawing-rooms, coffee- and writing-rooms, waiting-rooms for interviewing servants. There are ten bed-rooms. The charge is high—six to four shillings per night; seven to five shillings in the summer. The club is very often voted "dull," with what reason or truth I cannot say. The subscription and entrance fee are the same as the Albemarle.

THE PIONEER CLUB

is at 22, Cork Street. The subscription is two guineas, and the same for entrance. The bright, airy rooms are most artistically furnished, and a very fair size, although already too small for the members, who now number 800. In the very pretty drawing-room is a picture of Mrs. Massingberd, the president, who undertakes all liabilities. Upstairs is a "silence" room for writing, a library, dining-room, and two bed-rooms. The subscription would not be enough to keep the club going but for the liberality of the president, who started and to a great extent furnished it. Artistic papers, pretty colouring, flowered cretonne curtains in summer, velvet in winter, large airy windows, interesting pictures, engravings, and tapestry upstairs and down, cheery bed-rooms, give an air of comfort and womanly taste, and a general idea of refinement not to be described, although the space does not allow of quite the same comforts as the Albemarle, which is the most luxurious club for ladies I have seen. The Pioneer Club was started "to further the social intercourse of its members, and to help forward every movement for the advancement and enlightenment of women interested in educational and political questions." Most of the members are ardent believers in Women's Suffrage.

THE UNIVERSITY CLUB,

Maddox Street, is considerably smaller, but quite as artistic and prettily furnished as the Pioneer. Graduates of any University, students or lecturers from Newnham, Girton, Somerville, or Lady Margaret Hall, undergraduates of any University, and medical women students may meet. The subscription is one guinea, and the same for entrance. There is a pretty, light sitting-room and reading-room, a small room for luncheon and tea, a meat-luncheon being provided for the very moderate sum of one shilling, as at the Pioneer. All the members ballot for new candidates once a month, one black ball in ten excluding. Out of the 200 members in this newly-formed club there is likely to be no lack of sociability, for members of the same college must have many mutual friends as well as interests in common.

THE GREEN PARK CLUB,

17, St. James's, is little more than a month old. It consists of a suite of rooms, the entire first floor of a private hotel, with a private gate leading into the Green Park. The proprietress of the club is Mrs. Luther Munday, wife of the proprietor of the hotel. The club is managed by a committee of ladies. Members can have luncheon, tea, or dinner in the hotel coffee-room or in the small dining-room belonging to the club premises, but gentlemen guests cannot be invited to the latter. There is a good-sized drawing-room, also a small writing-room. Hotel bed-rooms can be retained for members at a charge of five shillings per night. The dining-room and writing-room are light, airy, and comfortable, the drawing-room somewhat old-fashioned and dreary.

THE WRITERS' CLUB,

Fleet Street, is over an Aërated Bread shop, just beyond Lincoln's Inn. This is, perhaps, the most definite, and in some respects the most interesting of all the women's clubs. No one is allowed to join unless they have written for money. Every Friday the members have a club tea, to which they invite their friends. These gatherings are generally crowded. Of comfort there is little here. There is a small sitting-room, fairly well furnished, also a writing-room, and a small room where the caretaker makes tea. Nevertheless, the interesting ideas to be interchanged make it well worth while to belong to it.

THE SOMERVILLE CLUB,

231, Oxford Street, is a useful club; it is opposite Peter Robinson's. The subscription is ten shillings, and the entrance fee is the same amount. The Somerville includes women of all views among its members identified with no particular party. This modest little club does not pretend to be smart or fashionable. It affords a quiet room for writing, a light, pleasant sitting-room, with comfortable easy chairs, an inexpensive luncheon, plenty of magazines and papers for the many women workers thankful for the quiet rest a club of this kind offers.

THE TEA AND SHOPPING CLUB,

177, Regent Street, is also a private speculation, which frees members from all liabilities. Original members paid five shillings entrance and five shillings subscription when it was started in March. This is now increased to ten shillings. The sitting-room is prettily and artistically furnished, and newspapers and books are provided. Many people who seldom want a club except for tea and to rest while shopping will find this small club a great convenience.

THE LADIES' RESIDENTIAL CLUB,

Gratton Road, Kensington, is five minutes from Olympia, well furnished and comfortable; the subscription is one guinea yearly, or sixpence weekly. Board and residence, with use of dining-rooms, drawing-rooms, "silent" writing-room, visitors' room, and sixty bed-rooms. Front bed-rooms on the first floor, with board, cost two guineas, inclusive; back bed-rooms thirty shillings. This includes breakfast at 8.30, luncheon at 1, tea 4.30, dinner at 7, with use of bath-rooms. A few unfurnished rooms are also let by the year. The club belongs to a company, but Lady Gunning is the resident director.

THE VICTORIAN CLUB FOR GENTLEWOMEN,

30A, Sackville Street. The subscription is a guinea, and the entrance fee the same. There are several bed-rooms for the use of members. The rooms are not so artistically furnished as many of the newer and more expensive clubs. It is an immense boon to many girls engaged in teaching typewriting to have comfortable rooms, where they can rest and have luncheon and dinner for a large or small sum. Women of all ranks are included in the members.

THE GROSVENOR CLUB,

Bond Street. I cannot conclude an article on ladies' clubs without mentioning the Grosvenor, for here there are better rooms, exclusively for the use of ladies, than I have seen at any other club. The Grosvenor, however, is not a ladies' club. The members are all men. The wives of members may not only use the club, but they are also allowed to bring a friend. Not even a sister is admitted unless accompanying the wife of a member, except on guest nights. On the left of the entrance-hall is a staircase for the exclusive use of the ladies. At the top of the first staircase are very large dressing-rooms; a few steps higher lead to the ladies' drawing-room, where the Louis Quinze furniture is the envy of connoisseurs. Out of the drawing-room is a tea-room. For luncheon and dinner the ladies are admitted to the common dining-room, as at the Albemarle. The plan adopted is much the same as the Bachelors' and Wellington Clubs. In every way this is an up-to-date club. All the appointments are excellent. The ladies' night is well known, the best artists being engaged for the musical, dramatic, and operatic entertainments. Although the Grosvenor Gallery is no longer open to the public, having been taken by the club, the walls of the drawing-room (118 ft. by 47 ft.) are hung with pictures by old masters and modern artists. The club was originally a church club. Now, although many bishops and other clergy are members, military and other professions are equally well represented. The subscription for town members is ten guineas, for country members six guineas, and there is no entrance fee. When one considers that a wife and daughter have even more luxurious rooms and every advantage of the club, the subscription is very small as things go. The members number 2500.

At all the clubs anyone desiring to become a member must be proposed and seconded.

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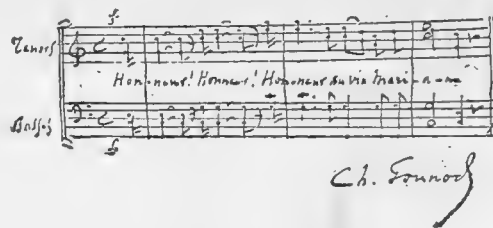
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Brooke's Soap

MONKEY BRAND



We're a capital couple the Moon and I,
 I polish the Earth, she brightens the sky;
 And we both declare, as half the world knows,
 Though a capital couple, we "WONT WASH CLOTHES."

FOR CLEANING, SCOURING, AND SCRUBBING

FLOORS & KITCHEN TABLES, LINOLEUM & OILCLOTHS.

FOR POLISHING —*— FOR POLISHING
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 REMOVES RUST, DIRT, STAINS, TARNISH, &c.

PARLIAMENT.

BY "A RASH RADICAL."

There can be no doubt things are in a very ticklish position—not, indeed, in the country, but within the walls of Parliament. The Ministerial majority is sinking, sinking fast, and everybody, Whips included, has a certain fearful looking forward to the time when it will be represented by nothing at all. The most serious trouble is over the Redmondites. Clearly, they are no longer to be depended upon. They are dominated by the publican-and-whisky vote, and all over the country their strongest friends belong to the liquor interest. Moreover, they are hoping, like most gamblers, for the odd chance which may turn up in a General Election, and waiting on the possibility of disunion in the ranks of the regular Irish party. Then there is Mr. Lloyd-George's little party, grown from three to four, which is tricky and uncertain in its tactics; there are Mr. Keir Hardie and Mr. Saunders, who will not vote; there is Mr. Labouchere, who has got his own little game in hand; there are the Liberal brewers, who do not like the Budget because of the beer and spirit taxes, and there are men like Mr. Storey, who are apt to give independent votes on this question or on that. Under all these circumstances, a good many shrewd men are asking themselves, "Is it worth while going on with matters in this state of uncertainty any longer? Had we better not appeal to the country, come back with some solid force, realise our assets in the shape of popularity and genuine force, and, at least, find out accurately where we stand?" There is a good deal to be said for this kind of argument. The Government is unquestionably more vigorous in the country than it is in the House of Commons, where the Prime Minister can exercise no influence, and where the game of faction is being played with the sort of reckless trifling which is very disheartening to witness.

"THE FAULT OF FATALITY."

And it is all the fault, not so much of deliberate human design, as of fatality. The Tories do not want a dissolution, and yet they are being pushed steadily along the path which makes it inevitable. For instance, there would have been no direct hostile vote on the Budget Bill had it not been that the country landlords were furious over the equalisation of the death duties, and would go any lengths to turn out the Government on them. But it is clear it is not to the interest of the Tories to force things too far. If Sir William Harcourt's scheme is not carried, and the Tories very well know that it is an extremely popular one, they may have to come in with a gaping deficit of four millions to fill up, and nothing to anticipate but a further burden either on the poor income-tax payer or on the poor consumer. In its larger aspect, the political situation is very far from being a promising one to them. I do not believe the Government will in any way go down in the country. It is possible that they may lose a few seats for want of candidates and adequate election funds, but they have everything in their favour, and, though the Independent Labour party are giving them some trouble, there is no reason to suppose there will be a striking reversal of the verdict of 1892. But if this is not accorded the Unionists, where is the mandate for coercion and a vigorous government of Ireland on the old lines? Clearly, their cause will not be bettered one jot; while, on the other hand, Liberals, stimulated by the purely obstructive character of the present minority, will grow together again and make it extremely difficult for the Tories to do any work whatever. Certainly, Mr. Balfour does not want to transform himself from a powerful leader in opposition to a weak Minister without an adequate popular opinion behind him. In fact, it serves everybody's purpose to wait—even the faddists and factionists who are now making an early dissolution all but inevitable. As I have said, all the parties in the House of Commons are the victims of a certain irresistible tendency which they have lost all power to control.

MR. ASQUITH'S MARRIAGE.

Meanwhile, Mr. Asquith's wedding makes a certain pleasing break in the increasing strain and ill-temper with which politics are now being pursued. The Home Secretary is not, perhaps, the most flamboyant and expansive of the leading figures in our politics, but he is certainly the most interesting of them all. His clear-headedness and his power of driving things along in the direction in which he wants them to go has created a great impression of his future and of the character which lies behind his talent and resourcefulness. He marries a very charming and genuinely able woman, who should be of great assistance to him in the difficult and dangerous course which lies before him. To-day he is the Chamberlain of the Liberal party, in the sense, of course, of the Chamberlain of 1884 rather than of the Chamberlain of 1894. His rise is of all the more importance to his friends because of the rumours of Sir William Harcourt's retirement. The reports have been contradicted, but there is unquestionably something in them. It would not, however, follow that if Sir William Harcourt retires Mr. Asquith would succeed him as Leader of the House of Commons. We might have an interregnum of Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, who is a very rich man, very able, full of tact, and personally one of the most popular men in the House. But I don't think Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, able man though he is, would quite do for the uphill work necessary to give a Liberal Government the hold on popular opinion which now, of all times, it most needs. Sooner or later, I am convinced that Mr. Asquith will have to lead the House of Commons, and will have to abandon his career at the Bar in order to make his mark in the life which he has finally chosen. Of his success in that position, most people have no doubt.

PARLIAMENT.

BY "A CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

This is a not a happy Whitsuntide for the Rosebervites. What with the result of the Hackney election, the narrow division on the second reading of the Registration Bill, the resistance to the Budget, the growing indifference of the Radical rank-and-file to the opinions of their official leaders, the unpleasant position in which Mr. Mundella has been placed by the investigation of the affairs of the New Zealand Loan and Mercantile Agency Company, the increasing unpopularity of Sir William Harcourt, and the threat of his retirement—what with one thing and another, but particularly with them all in a mass, the political rocking-stone is wobbling in right good earnest, and looks like toppling over. The seriousness of the situation is the more apparent because the Conservative party, if a crisis came, would find this an exceedingly awkward moment for coming into office. It is notorious that while Radical legislation can be hindered the Conservative leaders would prefer to let the Administration be carried on for the present without the turmoil and the muddle which might be entailed by a costly General Election, taken before the Rosebervites have shown the constituencies at all definitely of what stuff they are really made. Mr. Gladstone they know, and Sir William Harcourt, and Mr. Morley; but if the two first are retired and Mr. Morley's Irish policy is thrown over, Lord Rosebery can, and does, make play with his indefinite social programme, and this indefiniteness, coupled with a sound Conservative foreign policy, and the popularity he obtains as the owner of favourite racehorses and the maker of humorous after-dinner speeches, not to speak of his County Council record, would stand him, perhaps, in good stead were an election taken now. I have no doubt we should win, but by nothing like the majority we should get when Lord Rosebery had been in office long enough for his supporters to be unable to rely on the fact that he is unknown and untried.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT.

The suggestion that Sir William Harcourt meditated resignation was, of course, denied, but it is still one of the most interesting features of the political situation. Sir William Harcourt's leadership of the House since the re-formation of the Cabinet has not been a success, and people are beginning to ask why it should ever have been expected to be. That the Chancellor of the Exchequer is an able and experienced Parliamentary hand is true enough, but for some reason or another he has never been trusted either in the House or out of it. A keen fighter, a good party speaker, a clever man? Yes. But as a leader of moral weight, as a successor to the Mr. Gladstone whose conscience made cowards of us all, opponents and supporters alike? No. But if Sir William Harcourt was not expected to be a success, he has not belied the expectation. His absences from the House were, as I have remarked in an earlier issue, somewhat rudely resented; but Sir William, on his side, resented their rudeness equally rudely. It was not merely that he showed a gross lack of dignity in taking note of the unenviable action of a certain member, who complained on one occasion of his leaving the House, but the Chancellor of the Exchequer descended, further, to personal discourtesy to this same member. People are also beginning to talk rather freely now of his jealousy of Lord Rosebery, and the mortification he continues to feel at having been superseded by a much younger and less hardly-worked colleague, who had never borne the brunt of the political fight, as he himself certainly has done. It must be added that Sir William has felt the strain of work considerably of late. Only a year or two ago it seemed possible that his eyes were affected, as Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's were when he, too, was Leader of the House, and the extra work which Mr. Gladstone's Premiership and retirement have entailed on his deputy may possibly have revived this trouble. It is not too much to say, at any rate, that if Sir William Harcourt has not made up his mind to retire, he is not at all unlikely to do so.

WHO COULD SUCCEED HIM?

But if Sir William Harcourt followed Mr. Gladstone into retirement, who would take his place in the House of Commons? I had occasion only a few weeks ago to refer to the feeble performances of the present understudies for the leadership, Mr. Campbell-Bannerman and Mr. Morley; and Mr. Shaw-Lefevre and Sir George Trevelyan have shown themselves even more impossible. Mr. Fowler is possible, and that is all; he could not work with the young Radicals for a month. There are only two men who have any of the right blood of leadership in them, and they are Mr. Asquith and Mr. Acland, and of these two the former has put himself in a very strong position lately; but Mr. Asquith is too young yet to lead the Liberal party and its old hands in the House of Commons. He has been the one success of this Administration, and is certainly the coming man of his party. He will be none the less so for his marriage with the brilliant young lady who has just brought him a considerable dowry and given him a new hold upon society. But for the present the Liberals and Radicals must, as Mr. Labouchere has himself said, go into the wilderness again before they can play the part of a Government properly. The real cause of the breakdown is the ruin of the Home Rule policy, and the dissensions among the Irish politicians are the main cause of that. Until Home Rule has been reconsidered and the Irish party reconstituted, the Liberals must be in a hopelessly weak position. In opposition they might recover themselves; in office there is no time or opportunity to play the waiting game which is necessary.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

As regards millinery, Dame Fashion's one idea at present seems to be how much trimming of one kind or another can be crowded on to a given space. She uses lavishly, with an impartial hand, yards of tulle and sundry bunches of fruit and flowers, crowning the whole by the addition of one or even two birds, the result being a fashionable hat, at which one wants to look somewhat closely before discovering that the shape beneath all this adornment is a rather large sailor. Such are the hats which all Paris is now wearing, and which, consequently, all London will soon be burning to adopt. Well, there is certainly something in their favour, as I think you would allow if you had penetrated with me into the artistically-fitted-up show-room at 51, Conduit Street, where Madame Yorke is just now showing a very smart and bewilderingly varied assortment of spring and summer millinery, and gazed upon one hat of brown straw, the brim covered with billowy folds of white, black, and brown tulle rising to a level with the crown, which was encircled by a frill of accordion-pleated jetted chiffon, caught up at the left side with a cluster of deep-pink carnations, a half-wreath of green leaves forming

advantage of such an exceptional opportunity. But to return to the toques: one was of delicate pink straw, a bow of shot pink glacé silk being placed at the side, while some black roses shared the honour of trimming with clusters of grapes of a delicate pinkish-mauve hue. You could not imagine anything prettier; while in quite a different style was a second toque, of green straw, edged with ivy leaves and trimmed with sundry bunches of scarlet geraniums. I must go back to the hats, however, for the sake of one of black straw, the high crown encircled at the base by closely-clustering rosettes of that most fashionable and airy fabric, tulle, in pink, yellow, terra-cotta, white, and eau-de-Nil. It was further adorned with two black ostrich tips, and I will whisper to you that the price of this pretty thing was only 38s. 6d. The charms of a dainty little bonnet next appealed to me so strongly that I was simply obliged to have it sketched for you, and then, to keep it company, I got two equally fascinating hats. The bonnet itself is a tiny erection of fancy green straw, the wee crown surrounded by three rows of black velvet ribbon and the brim composed of three tiny frills of the straw. In front there is a high double bow of white silk ribbon with a black satin stripe, and at each side of the back a dangling cluster of ripe red cherries with their attendant leaves. As to the hats, one is of coarse mauve straw,



the trimming at the back. Then there was another sailor hat of green straw, adorned with encircling ivy leaves, and trimmed in front and at the back with a great bunch of deep-hued violets, intermixed with sprays of ivy, a grey-plumaged bird being poised lightly at each side. Still another, of coarse black straw, was adorned with bunches of most tempting-looking cherries, and rosettes of green, white, and mauve tulle, a cluster of lilies-of-the-valley appearing at the back; while a deep mauve straw was trimmed with masses of yellow and mauve pansies and mignonette, and a great moiré antique bow in a curious shade of bluish mauve shot with yellow. I think all these hats had their fair share of trimming—don't you?—and yet it was put on with such consummate art that it never looked too much.

A charming novelty, fresh from Paris, had a brim of fine, and a high crown of coarse, black straw, the latter being encircled by a twist of pale-pink satin ribbon, which formed a large double bow at the left side. A deep frill of lovely yellowish lace, headed with a wreath of tiny pink roses, fell from the top of the crown, the effect being exceedingly pretty and quaint, the brim being slightly turned up at the left side to show a cluster of pink roses nestling against the hair. Such a hat was well worth 38s. 6d.—what say you?—and on the ground of originality and distinctive style I can also recommend to your notice a hat with a mushroom-shaped brim of the palest pink straw, the draped crown, of geranium-pink velvet, being completely surrounded by wonderfully natural camellias in white and two shades of pink, intermixed with their dark, glossy leaves. I wonder what flower or vegetable will next be requisitioned. Clover has now been pressed into service, and I actually saw a hat, the other day, adorned, among other things, with little bunches of watercress!

Madame Yorke next revealed to me some altogether delightful toques, and when I exclaimed at their special smartness disclosed the fact that she had secured the services of one of Virot's head-milliners for the season. As she has not allowed this fact to make the slightest difference in her prices, let me advise you all to take immediate

the brim caught up fantastically at each side, a cluster of blush-pink roses filling in the space, and showing off to advantage against the hair, while it is trimmed with a great bow of mauve ribbon and sprays of lilac in two shades of mauve, with tender green foliage. It is a perfectly ideal hat; while the other, which is particularly suitable for present wear, is of the black straw, four bunches of alternate violets and cowslips being placed round the crown, a black quill rising from the bunch of cowslips at the right side. It is quite cheap, too, for it is only thirty shillings, or, trimmed with tulle rosettes or bunches of roses and violets, twenty-five shillings. And now I shall not tell you another word about Madame Yorke's hats, for they deserve a visit of investigation, and the sooner you pay it the better.

I wonder if you experience as much genuine pleasure in looking over patterns of pretty new materials as I do, and in planning out gowns to be made therefrom? Even if some of them only turn out to be dresses in the air, the building up of these pretty castles has been an amusement, and certainly some of them must arrive at completion and realisation, for we are all investing in a certain number of new gowns in which to brave the sunshine of the next few months, which would be most unmerciful to anything shabby. For over an hour, therefore, I simply revelled in the seemingly endless patterns which filled the box bearing the magic name of Egerton Burnett, of Wellington, Somerset—a name known to most people who include a serge dress in their wardrobe—and who does not?—for are not his "Royal" serges famous by reason of their wonderful durability, generally excellent quality, and moderate prices? But Mr. Burnett's fame does not stop with serges—all his other dress materials are equally worthy of praise; so suppose, as a preliminary step to sending for a box of patterns yourself, we go over a few of the most attractive among his new fabrics, starting with some of the tweeds and chevots, which are in such demand just now for the ever-popular and becoming tailor-made gowns? Those of us with moderate dress allowances should be glad that we can get such a pretty and smart-looking tweed as the "Conway," which is only 1s. 10½d. a yard, double width, and which

[Continued on page 161.]

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looks especially well in a combination of white, fawn, and mauve, two shades of tan and grey being serviceable and stylish. For 2s. 3d. there is the "Kelso" (also double width), with a diagonal stripe in some effectively contrasting colour or shade, tan and blue being one of the most successful; for 4s. 6d. nothing could be better than the "Narcissus," which has, for instance, on a delicate grey ground a step-like diagonal stripe of yellow, while tan with a touch of blue looks well on a white ground; the "Lothian," which is only 3s. 6d., being a most effective fancy check, in combinations of green, tan, and white, dark blue and tan and white, and three shades of brown.

As for the fancy materials for spring and summer gowns, I hardly know where to start; but I think that perhaps I had better give the preference to a lovely silk and wool mixture, which lends itself so well to effective making up that our artist has designed a costume for it, and christened it the "Egerton."

The fabric in question has a ground of pale-tan colour, shot with turquoise-blue and a pretty little pattern in blue silk. It is destined to be made with an undraped skirt, trimmed with cascades of fine lace of a creamy-white hue, caught with knots of black satin ribbon, the plain, tight-fitting bodice being of black satin, finished at the waist with a tiny gold trimming, and with a zouave of handsome guipure over turquoise-blue silk, bordered with a cascade frill of the same fine lace which appears on the skirt. The sleeves, of the material, are puffed to the elbow, and caught with rosettes of black satin ribbon, the deep cuffs being of the guipure and silk.

This gown would look well with a hat of pale-tan crinoline straw, trimmed with scarlet velvet poppies and knots of black satin ribbon, the strings being of tulle to match the straw, and the design is such a good one that it could be utilised with advantage for many of Mr. Egerton Burnett's other materials. These special silk and wool mixtures look lovely (in the same design) in black and gold, pale fawn and mauve, and pale tan and green, and are altogether among the prettiest fabrics I have seen this year. Be sure that you look out for them specially.

I also liked the "Iolanthe" at 3s. 6d., a charming all-wool material with a shot effect,

which is carried out successfully in green and tan, grey and tan, and blue and white, the "Primula," 2s. 9d. per yard, coming in for a large share of my admiration on account of its dainty prettiness. Imagine it in eau-de-Nil, with narrow stripes of white and diagonal stripes of turquoise-blue, or in pink flecked with black and striped with white and blue. The delaines I cannot pass over in silence, for they are so charming both in design and colouring, while as to prices, they range from 1s. 0½d. a-yard, some very charming ones, at 1s. 2d., having a floral design and a fancy silk stripe. I liked a black delaine, dotted over with a small flower in green.

The washing dress materials conjure up all manner of delightful visions of summer and its attendant joys in the way of boating, tennis, &c., and surely no one need deny themselves the pleasure and the comfort of a dress or two of this kind, when they can get such a pretty and durable one as Mr. Burnett supplies for 5½d. a yard—black, with a tiny floral spray in blue with soft green leaves, being both charming and serviceable. There are some of the daintiest blouse materials at 6½d., white, with delicate blue or mauve poppies, looking particularly fresh and pretty; another pretty pattern, at 7½d., having a design of tiny white horse-shoes on a blue, mauve, or pink ground. A pretty crinkled material in white, with a pink, blue, or white silk stripe, is well worth 1s. 1½d. a yard—in fact, pick out any pattern you like, and you will find that Mr. Egerton Burnett gives wonderful value for your money. Don't let me leave all the other pretty things to your imagination—there are so many that it is hopeless to give you an idea of a tenth part of them—but send at once for a box of patterns (which will be forwarded post free on application), and when you obtain it give yourself up to the delight of choosing two or three gowns. And be sure you utilise the "Egerton" design.

FLORENCE.



THE "EGERTON" GOWN.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Mr. Swinburne's "Astrophel" and a few others of the poems in his new volume (Chatto) are as welcome lights in a very shady vale. The dirges, elegies, and threnodies fill so large a space that it looks as if the poet's most intense purpose were now to be the laureate of the dead. Other poems, too, have the drawback of being written for special occasions.

But even among the memorial poems there are bursts of brightness. The lines to Burton are the most vigorous—

One who found not on earth his kin,
and

Who rode life's lists as a god might ride;
while the last of the sequence of sonnets, "On the Death of Robert Browning," is the best and most spirited tribute that has yet been paid to the other and, but for this testimony we should have said, alien poet.

He held no dream worth waking
might be aptly carved on Browning's tomb.

The living have their praise, too. The poems are dedicated to Mr. William Morris, singer of

The life, the delight, and the sorrow
Of troublous and chivalrous years,
as, later, "the wonders and charms of the north." There is no clear reference to Mr. Morris's Socialist verse or mission.

Still, the old Swinburne is not in these, nor, save in rhythm and cadence and tune, in "Astrophel," made after reading Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia" in the garden of an old English manor-house. The volume is linked to his greater time by two poems. The magic subtlety of the expression of remote yet perfectly coherent thought which used to be met with not infrequently is here in the exquisite "Epicede," while the swing and buoyancy of his most vigorous moods are in "A Swimmer's Dream." Alternate rapture in motion and rapture in rest are its notes. Few poets have translated the air and temper of the sea into words as he has done—

Calm chained her, storm released her,
And storm's glad voice was he:
South-wester or north-easter,
The winds rejoice the sea.

Then for contrast—

I lean my cheek to the cold grey pillow,
The deep soft swell of the full broad billow,
And close mine eyes for delight past measure,
And wish the wheel of the world would stand.

Mr. Yeats has been given a better chance of appreciation in the publication of his poetical play, "The Land of Heart's Desire," than in its production at the Avenue. There is, perhaps, nothing in it altogether unactable; but the weirdly poetical and the elfish, when set to scenery and voices and gestures, will nearly always produce a slightly jarring effect.

As a poem, it is the most artistically beautiful thing that Mr. Yeats has yet written. Simple, without any undue affectation of simplicity, there is in it a junction of fairy yearnings with human sympathies that has never appeared in anything of his so evidently before. The verse is melodious; much of it suggests music. The beauty of the poem is easily recognisable, though it speaks of longings that disturb average minds but little, if ever at all. The *leit-motif* is in the mysterious song that rises from voices outside human habitations, voices of fairies who

... hear the wind laugh and murmur and sing
Of a land where even the old are fair,
And even the wise are merry of tongue;
But I heard a reed of Coolaney say,
"When the wind has laughed and murmured and sung,
The lonely of heart must wither away."

All good citizens of London who do not possess Mr. Loftie's big book on Westminster Abbey should procure his smaller one, also illustrated by Mr. Railton, and just published by Messrs. Seeley. Though an abridgment, it is very readable, and charming enough to decoy a Londoner in his holidays away from green fields for a day or two, and keep him fascinated within the precincts of the Abbey. o. o.

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MAY 16, 1894.

Signature

DOWN EAST.

Dirty, dreamy, dismal, depressing—that is how the East End strikes me. I was journeying through it on my way to the starting-point of one of the processions that went to swell the big demonstration in Hyde Park



in sympathy with the Eight Hours scheme, and I felt that there might be excuse for any loose-of-speech who should feel tempted to add another alliterative adjective, an initial with a dash. Truly, a trip through this part of London opens one's eyes and enlarges one's mind. From Old Street right away to the East India Docks I saw no commendable thing that could make glad the heart of man. One is struck with the constant recurrence of the Jewish type of face among the people. The big nose, full lips, black hair, and large, expressive eyes of the Chosen People crop up persistently, and on reflection one wonders almost that they are not more common.

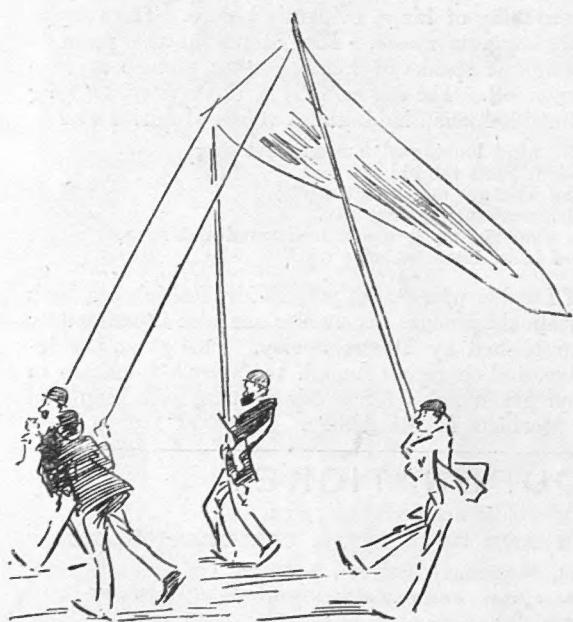
Out here on the broad highway the people seem of a superior class. Top hats you may see. One young man wore gaiters; but he looked conscious, and I don't think he will repeat the experiment. Conventionality reigns supreme even here; but, then, it is the

conventionality of the East, which differs largely from that of the West. For instance, here is a young man with, I take it, his sweetheart. She has taken his arm, and her little hand, in black kid glove—the culminating point in the tasteful costume of salmon and two blues, with a pink hat—rests undisguisedly in both his. That is quite proper here; so, also, is the conduct, though it may be a little more pronounced, of the pair a few yards in front. The young lady, in big blue feather and white apron, leans over at angle of sixty degrees, but is supported by a similar inclination towards her of the captive of her bow and spear, a somewhat undersized gentleman, dressed in flattering imitation of Mr. Albert Chevalier. His arm rests protectingly round her neck, and he woos her in song.

Here and there, at the corner of a sidewalk, one passes a group of a hundred or so. Some are mission meetings. Generally, there is a little portable harmonium, which is being assaulted with more or less success, while a gentleman sings a solo with as unattractive a tune as possible: the possibilities in that direction are large, by-the-way. At one

corner a man is lecturing; the banner of the Social Democratic Federation flaps behind him. He is energetic, turning rapidly from side to side as he speaks; other than this, his action is crude, consisting entirely of wagging his hand up and down from the wrist, palm upwards. I judge that he is denouncing somebody; the equanimity of said somebody would, I imagine, be much disturbed were he present at the function. The road here is a little wider, but just as muddy and as dull. I notice a shop as we pass; its

shutters are down, and its windows reveal a selection, neither varied nor choice to my unaccustomed eye, of articles of wearing apparel, fashioned of corduroy, and of ample proportions. From iron bars over the shop depend sundry shapeless and baggy pairs of trousers, so hung as to brush the faces of passers-by, and so give bold advertisement. The idea is smart, but of itself would not, perhaps, be worthy of mention. The name of the emporium, however, deserves recording: it is styled "The Palace of Fashion for the British Workman," appealing, you see, in one dainty stroke, to one's vanity and one's patriotism.



BANNERS FLAPPING IN THE WIND.

Next we pass a group of street-arabs, moving along at the queer, loping, toes-turned-in trot natural to the man whose foot no leather casing has cramped into civilised abortion. One would think it would be a paying investment for the State to take these unfortunate little wretches and turn them into honest, hard-working citizens.

Now we pass over a bridge, spanning part of the docks. The filthy river moves sluggishly beneath, like the place it flows through, repulsive on the surface, and concealing black horror of mud beneath. At the other end of the bridge I get out and walk. The starting-point of the particular procession I have come to see is not far away, and the



TYPES OF COLLECTORS.

crowds are thick on each side of the road. A stoutly-built man is holding forth to part of the crowd from a little movable platform. Beyond the crowd, too, I catch sight of another man dressed as a jockey—cap, shirt, riding-breeches, top-boots and all—who, mounted on stilts, is tapping at the first-floor windows of the houses round about, and insinuatingly offering his collecting-box. But these novelties pale their ineffectual fires before the startling individual that flares up in front of

me with "Now, my Lord, 'aving attended to the general public, I am at liberty to take your Lordship's little contribution." He is dressed in a bright green hat of brigandish cut, with large white feathers curling gracefully round his nose; a close-fitting coat of green, belted at the waist and trimmed with white fur, comes nearly to his knees; then white, tightly-fitting trousers, and buff boots exactly like the traditional wicked robber's. I protest in vain that I have already paid. "A torf like you didn't oughter be satisfied with wunst." But now there is a general stir. The orator subsides—in two senses. He delivers his peroration and gets off his stand. A band strikes up an inspiring march, and with cheers from the crowd and the banners flapping in the wind the procession moves off.



"NOW, MY LORD!"

E. G.